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MAGAZINE

MEGA MEDIA

#364
SEP 2004
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INSIDE: HOT CRACKED LENS PINUP! *Aerosmith's* STEVEN TYLER & *Cheap Trick's* RICK NIELSEN *on* CRACKED!

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INSIDE CRACKED

Fun, comics and features throughout the book!

Our "We Trump TRUMP" issue!

Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen CRACKED'S new publisher!

IF CARTOONS HAD TO DEAL WITH REALITY: PAGE 42

ROCK MUSIC icon set to 'rock' comics!

ROCKFORD, IL -- AS WE REPORTED ON OUR WEBSITE WWW.CRACKEMAG.COM, SUPERSTAR ROCKER RICK NIELSEN (OF CHEAP TRICK FAME) HAS AGREED TO TAKE THE HELM AS CRACKED MAGAZINE'S NEW PUBLISHER!

Rick Nielsen

There is no doubt that this edition -- CRACKED #364 -- will become the hottest collectable item since Batman bought his first car!

STAY TUNED as Rick interjects a whole new realm of wild and wacky entertainment in one of America's oldest and most beloved humor magazines, in circulation since 1958!

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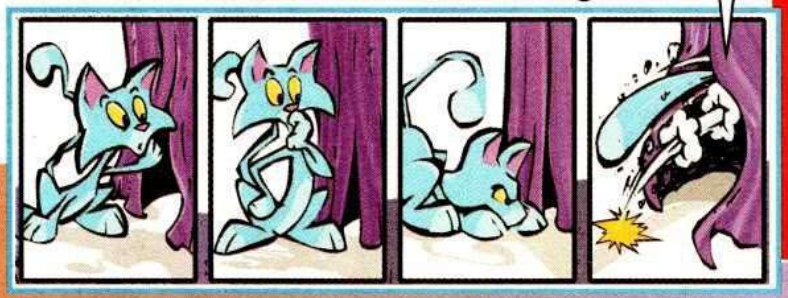
LOTS of Funny Stuff!

EXTREME SPORTS MAKEOVERS YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS! PAGE 19

BLUE OYSTER CULT on CRACKED? See Page 48!

MR. PRECIOUS CROAKS AGAIN! Page 4

Mewn.



Issue 364 • SEPT 2004

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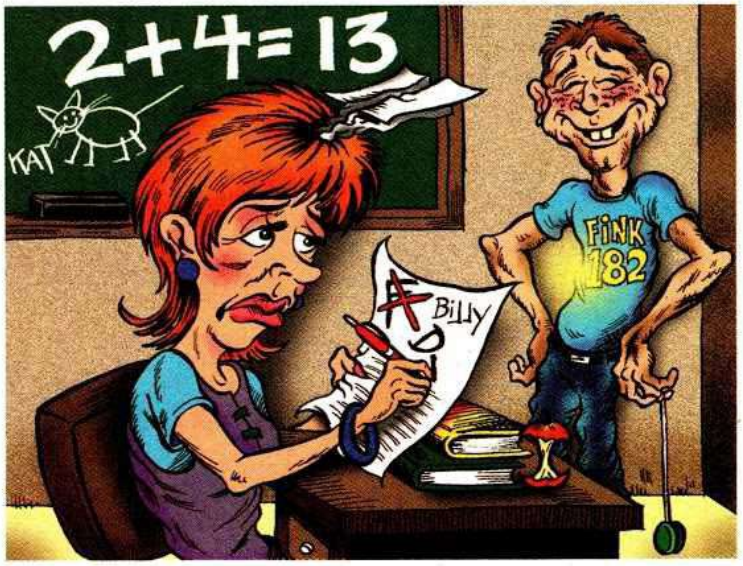
Cover artist: Michael D'Antuono
Now THAT'S Trumpy!

You hear the same societal gripes all the time: "Education is going down the tubes!" ... "Customer service is dead in this country!" ... "CRACKED is poisoning the minds of our children!" (Okay, that one's not hard to argue.) Well, we at CRACKED, who know a thing or two about thankless, low-paying dead-end jobs, just have to ask...

For what folks are PAID, is it any wonder...



...your teacher passes that failing wiseguy in the back row with a D-minus just so she won't have to deal with his disruptive behavior for another year?

...the fast-food worker with the armpit-stained shirt and ripped jeans pays such "close" attention to hygiene and dress codes?

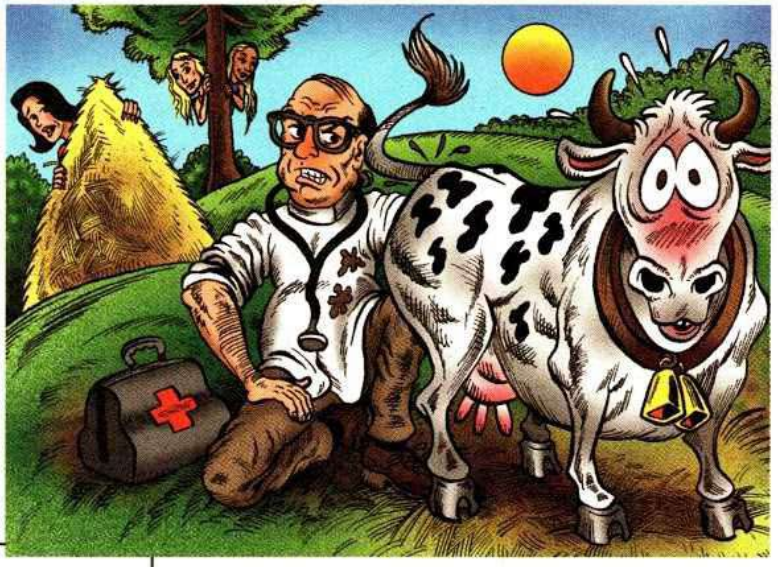
...A store's hardware department dingaling sends you to the stationery aisle when you ask about "sand"paper?

...the "knowledgeable" museum tour guide fumbles with his cheat cards and giggles while describing the "Pick-ass-oh" display?

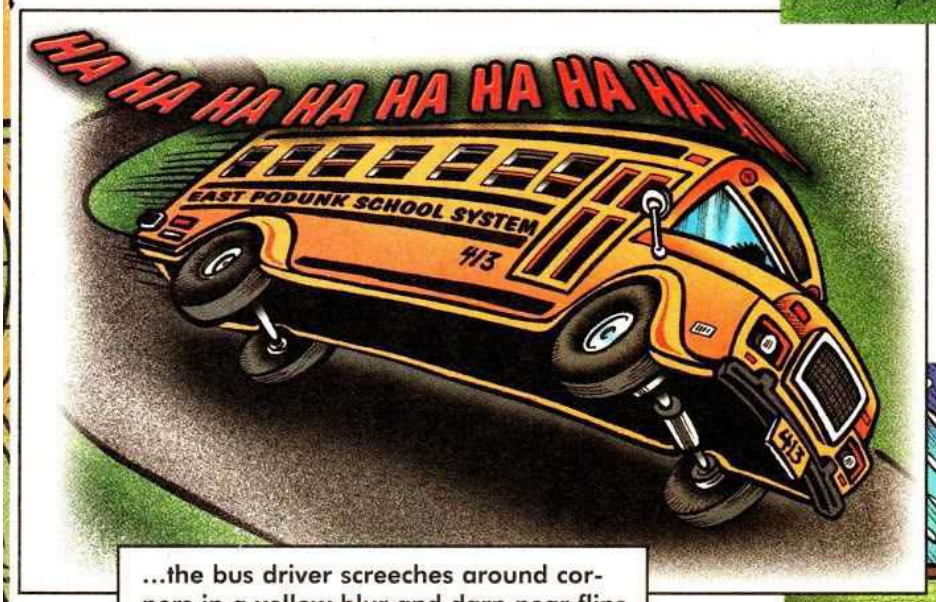
...flight attendants always give their pre-flight safety spiel in that mechanical "I-don't-care-if-any-of-this-makes-sense" voice?

...the beautician at the discount salon has all the hairstyling skills of an intoxicated chimp with a butter knife?

...that overworked waitress adds "a little something special" to "Mister Never-Leaves-A-Tip's" lunch?



...veterinary assistants mysteriously disappear whenever it's time to head out to the farm for ol' Bessie's rectal exam?



...the bus driver screeches around corners in a yellow blur and darn near flips over in an effort to frighten unruly kids into submission?

...that "professional" small-town deejays invariably introduce the wrong song after stammering through another outdated weather forecast?

...the carnival ride operator takes such great care to make sure you have a safe and enjoyable rollercoaster experience?

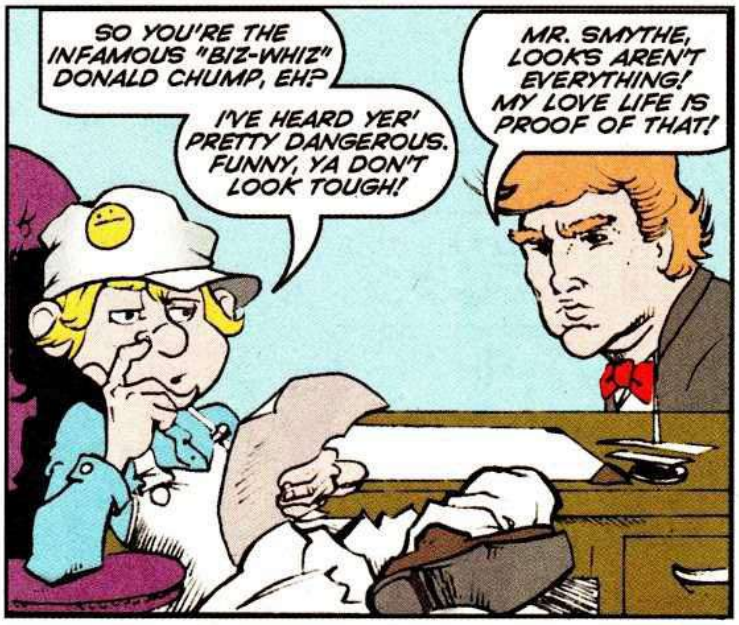
...the underpaid and overworked nursing home aide conveniently forgets that Grandpa's bedpan should've been emptied eight hours ago?

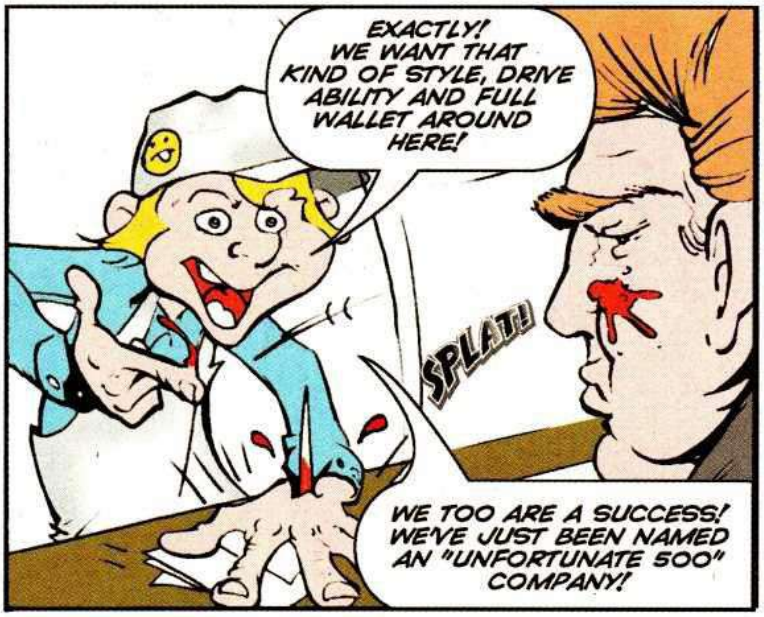
Writer: Neal Angel *Artist: Dave Newton*

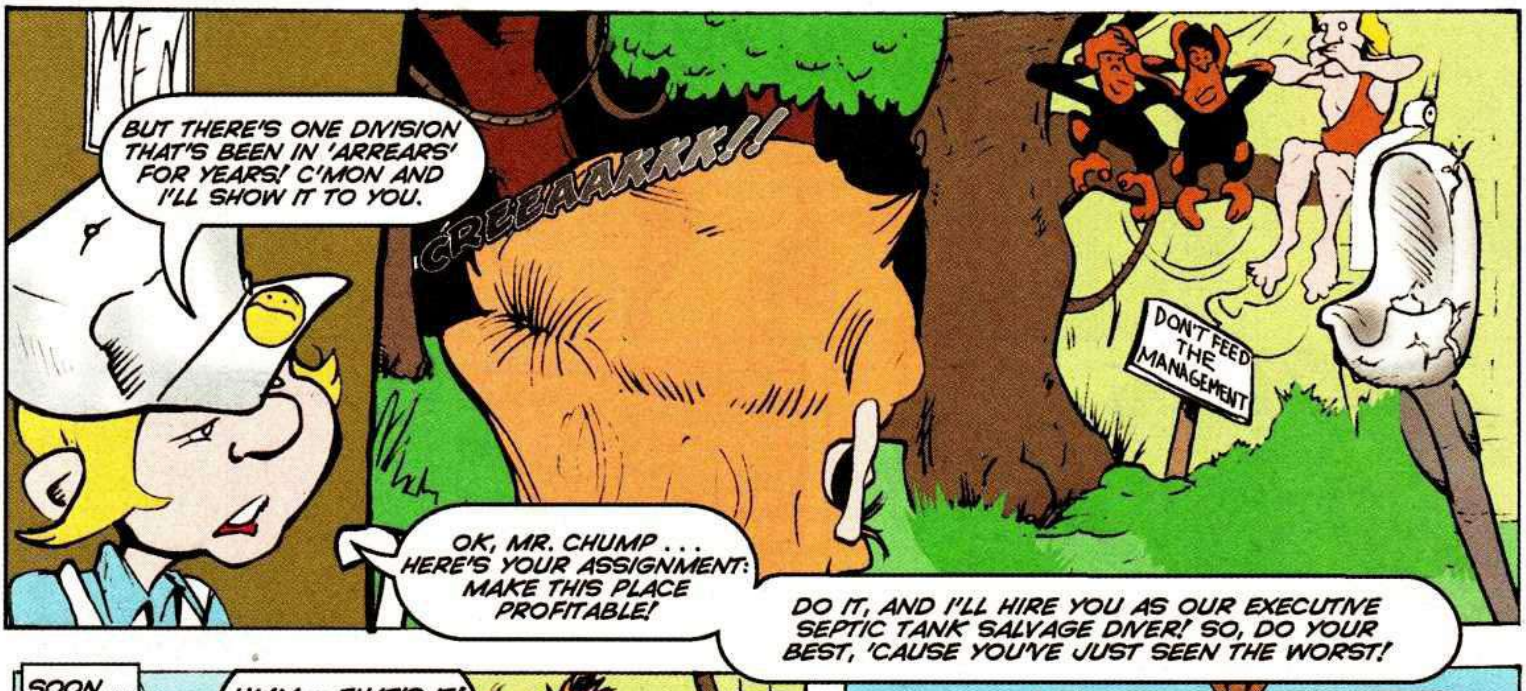
MR PRECIOUS
How Our Tax Dollars Are Spent
Written by: Evelyn A.R. Gabai Drawn By: Mike Arnold
FLOBSMITH, YOU'RE A GENIUS! AT LAST, SCIENTIFIC PROOF THAT 'CURIOSITY' REALLY DOES KILL THE CAT!
AND TO THINK, IT ONLY COST US $42 BILLION TO FIND OUT!

CHUMP-MAHAL

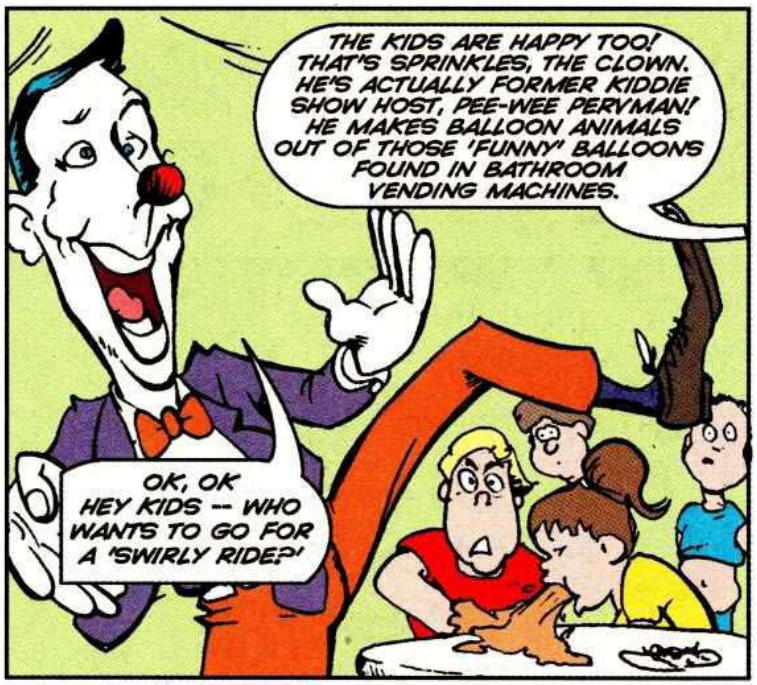
Writer: Mitch "The Stitch" Hyman
Drawn by: Austin "Lost-in" Janowsky
Colors and Letters: Dick "Bic Flicker" Kulpa



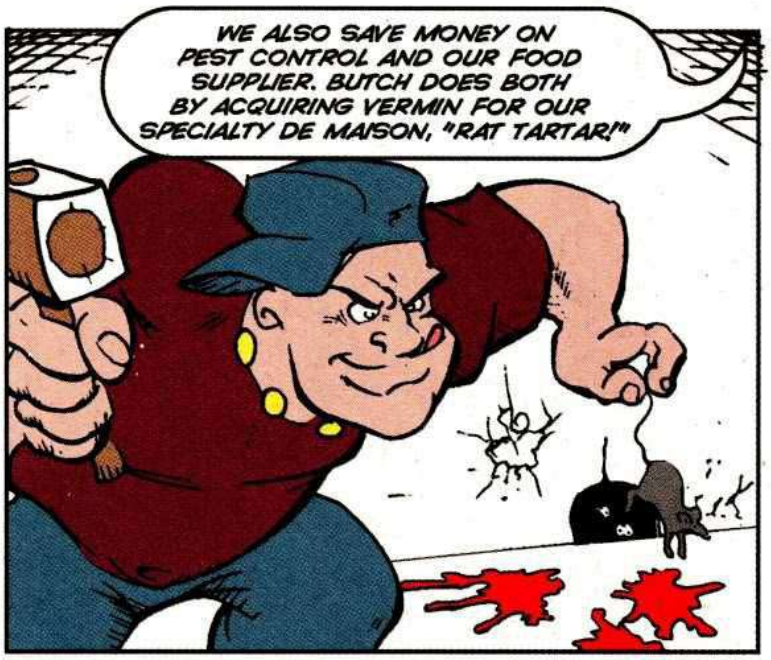




I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! CHUMP, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
PRETTY NICE, EH? THIS IS THE ONLY FACILITY OF IT'S KIND OUTSIDE OF ORLANDO, FLA! (OR BAGHDAD!)
. . . LET ME GIVE YOU THE "EXACT CHANGE" TOUR!
"BABY....IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS... I GOT THEM 'FUDGE PACKIN' BLUES..."
PRETTY CLASSY STUFF, EH? THESE GUYS WERE 'NOTOWN RECORDS' BIGGEST NOISE-MAKERS ONCE. NOW THEY WORK FOR PEANUTS. GUESS WHERE THOSE PEANUTS COME FROM!
1
2
AND SINCE 'CRAPS' WOULD BE TOO OBVIOUS FOR A PLACE LIKE THIS, WE HAVE 'TOILET PAPER ROULETTE!' THE POOR SCHMUCK HAS TO DECIDE WHICH STALL DOESN'T HAVE THE EMPTY ROLL IN IT!
IF HE WINS, IT BECOMES A 'ROYAL FLUSH,' CAUSING THE WINNER TO BE INUNDATED WITH 1,000S OF CHIPS -- (COW CHIPS!)


THE KIDS ARE HAPPY TOO! THAT'S SPRINKLES, THE CLOWN. HE'S ACTUALLY FORMER KIDDIE SHOW HOST, PEE-WEE PERVMAN! HE MAKES BALLOON ANIMALS OUT OF THOSE 'FUNNY' BALLOONS FOUND IN BATHROOM VENDING MACHINES.
OK, OK HEY KIDS -- WHO WANTS TO GO FOR A 'SWIRLY RIDE?'

HMMPH!
HAS-BEEN PERFORMERS, BAD VEGAS AIRPORT LOUNGE ACTS AND STUPID GAMES OF CHANCE! WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS PLACE?
UMMM, THE FOOD! IT'S A SPECIAL BLEND OF NOUVEAU ASIAN METROFUSION SOMALIAN -ESKIMO OLD SCHOOL WESTERN CUISINE! OUR CHEF IS FORMERLY OF THE ALABAMA CHAIN-GANG SCHOOL OF COOKING AND DESIGN.


WE ALSO SAVE MONEY ON PEST CONTROL AND OUR FOOD SUPPLIER. BUTCH DOES BOTH BY ACQUIRING VERMIN FOR OUR SPECIALTY DE MAISON, "RAT TARTAR!"

TRY SOME! THIS IS OUR "SILVERFISH SASHIMI." IT GOES GREAT WITH A GLASS OF OUR HOUSE WINE FROM "PANTHERPEE SPECIMEN VINEYARDS."

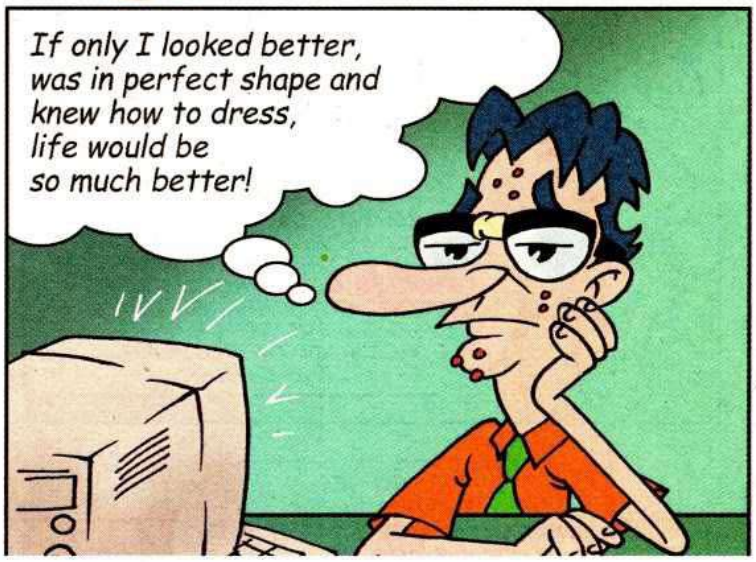
WHAAA?
YUCK! CHUMP, I'D EXPECT THIS FROM SOME LOW RENT ENTRE-MANURE! NOT FROM A CLASS ACT LIKE YOU!
BUT -- BUT WHAT'S WRONG?

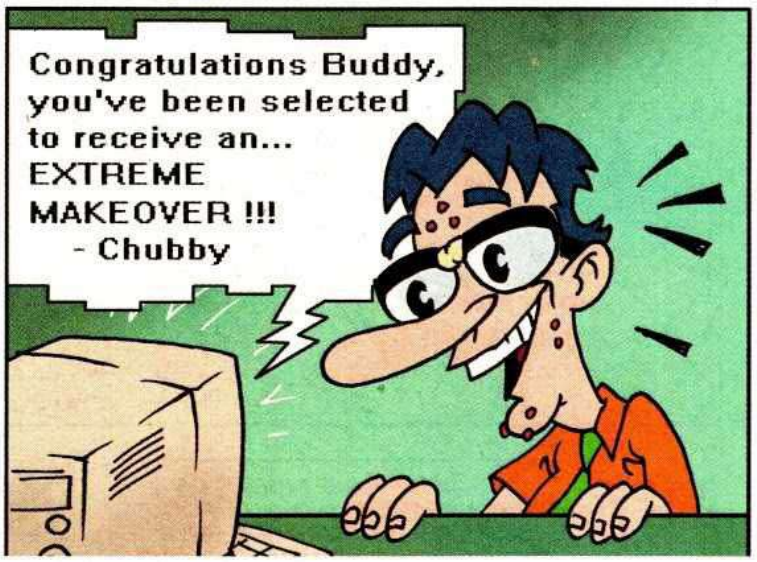
WHETHER IT'S TUNA, GOLD OR SILVER, EVERYONE KNOWS YOU NEVER SERVE RED WINE WITH FISH!
CHUMP -- I HATE TO DO THIS... ...YOU'RE FIRED! AND CLOSE THE LID ON YOUR WAY OUT, YA FOUR-FLUSHER!
THE END

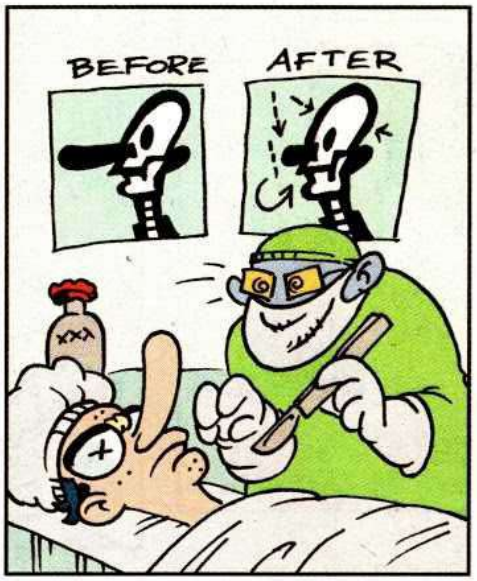
CHIP HACKER

MAKE OVER!

Writer: MARTEN JALLAD Artist: BEN BOLING

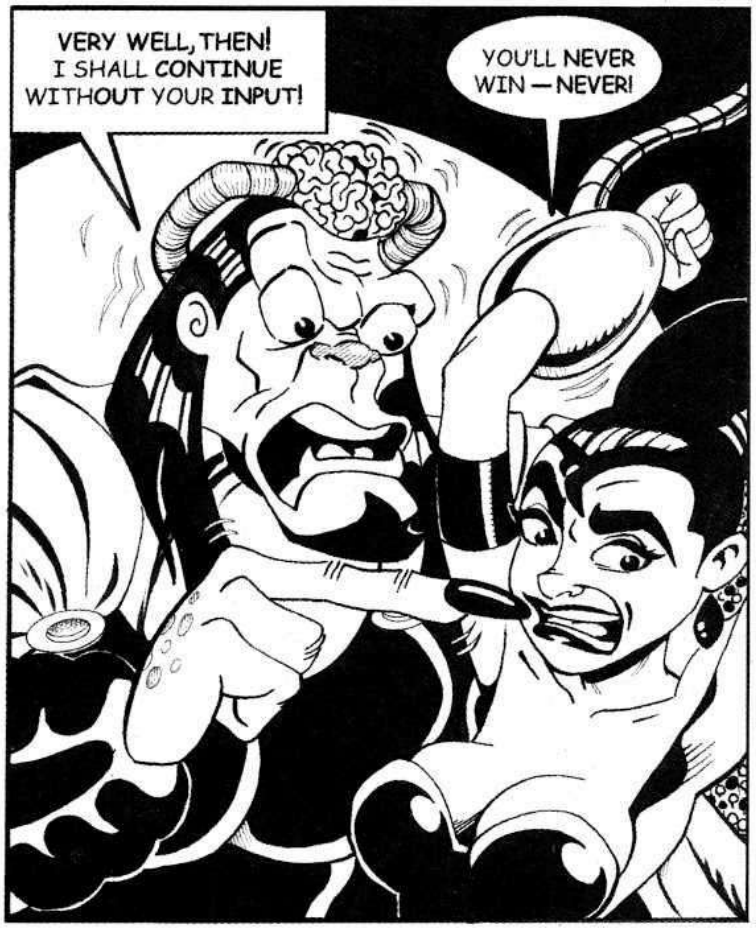




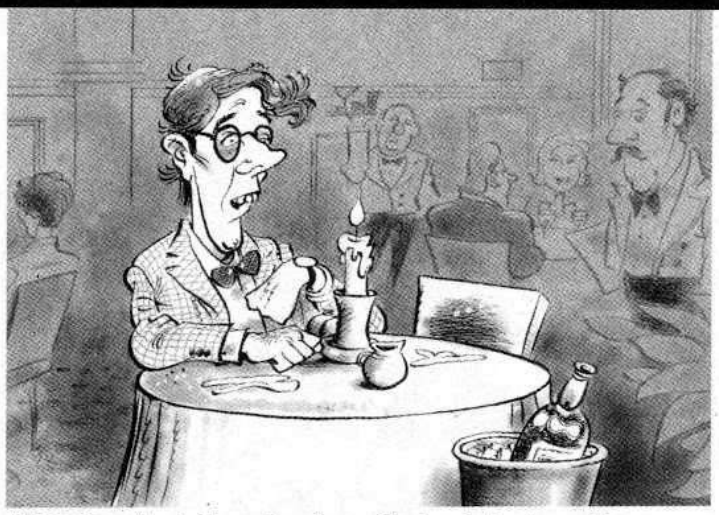


CRACK-ing the code

By Rasheed "Rush" Humphrey



The addition of the term "McJob" to the 11th edition of Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, and the displeasure that this new entry has caused a certain overrated, under-paying and artery-clogging fast food McConglomerate made us wonder: How can we at CRACKED further agitate the world with even more lame wordplay that alludes to something awful, atrocious and downright disappointing? Very McEasily, as we present our very best guesses at new . . .



McDate: A night on the town that culminates with excusing one's self to use the restroom and never being seen or heard from again.

McTeacher: An ill-prepared substitute brought in at the last minute to fill an unexpected void. Example: the football coach taking over for an art instructor.

McLovemaking: Two minutes of hot, passionate "action" followed by 8 hours of deep sleep.

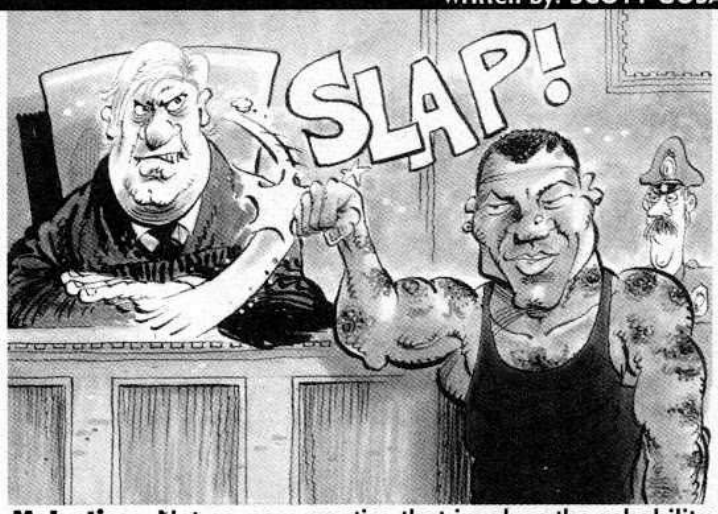
McHeadache: A brief, wholly contrived malady that lasts long enough for the afflicted to successfully avoid having to endure McLovemaking.

McBillions: A vast, hidden surplus of wealth that our government will gladly give away to people from every country except the USA.

McEditors: Cost-cutting cheapskates who will publish whatever swill they can get their hands on as long as it fills pages and they don't have to pay anyone for it.

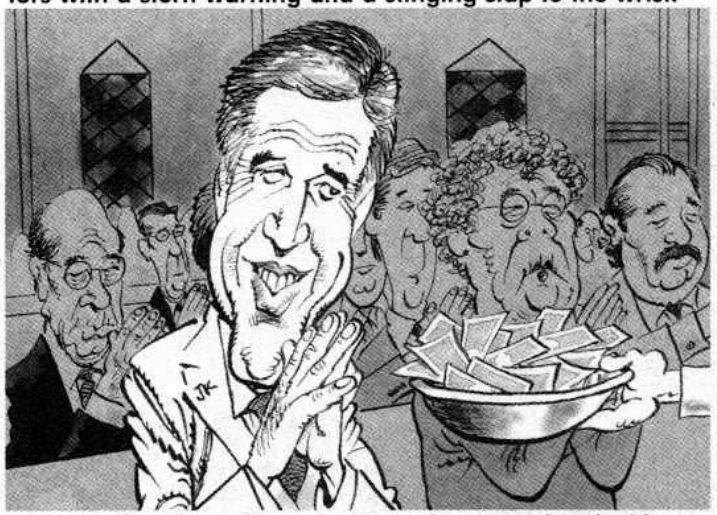
McSlang For Future McDictionaries

Written by: SCOTT GOSAR Drawn by: KENT GAMBLE

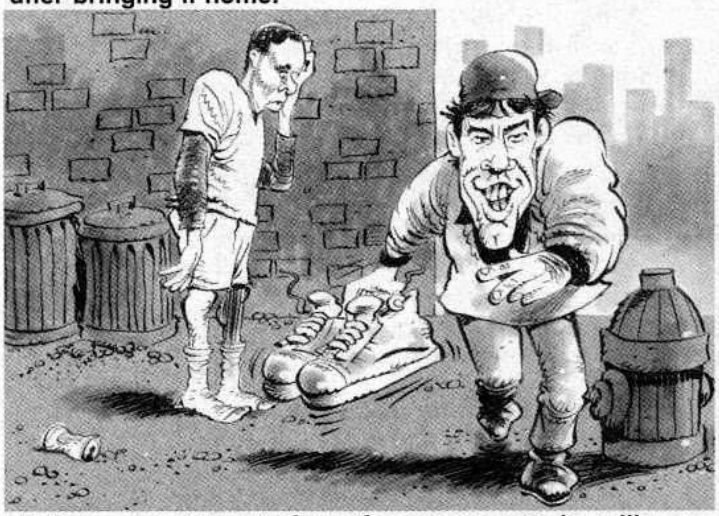


McJustice: Not-so-new practice that involves the rehabilitation of career criminals, violent offenders and sexual predators with a stern warning and a stinging slap to the wrist.

McLaptop: A $1399.99 investment loaded with all of the very latest options that quits working a mere three hours after bringing it home.



McCatholic: One who embraces values associated with Catholicism, while also favoring practices such as partial-birth abortions, stem-cell research & same-sex civil unions.



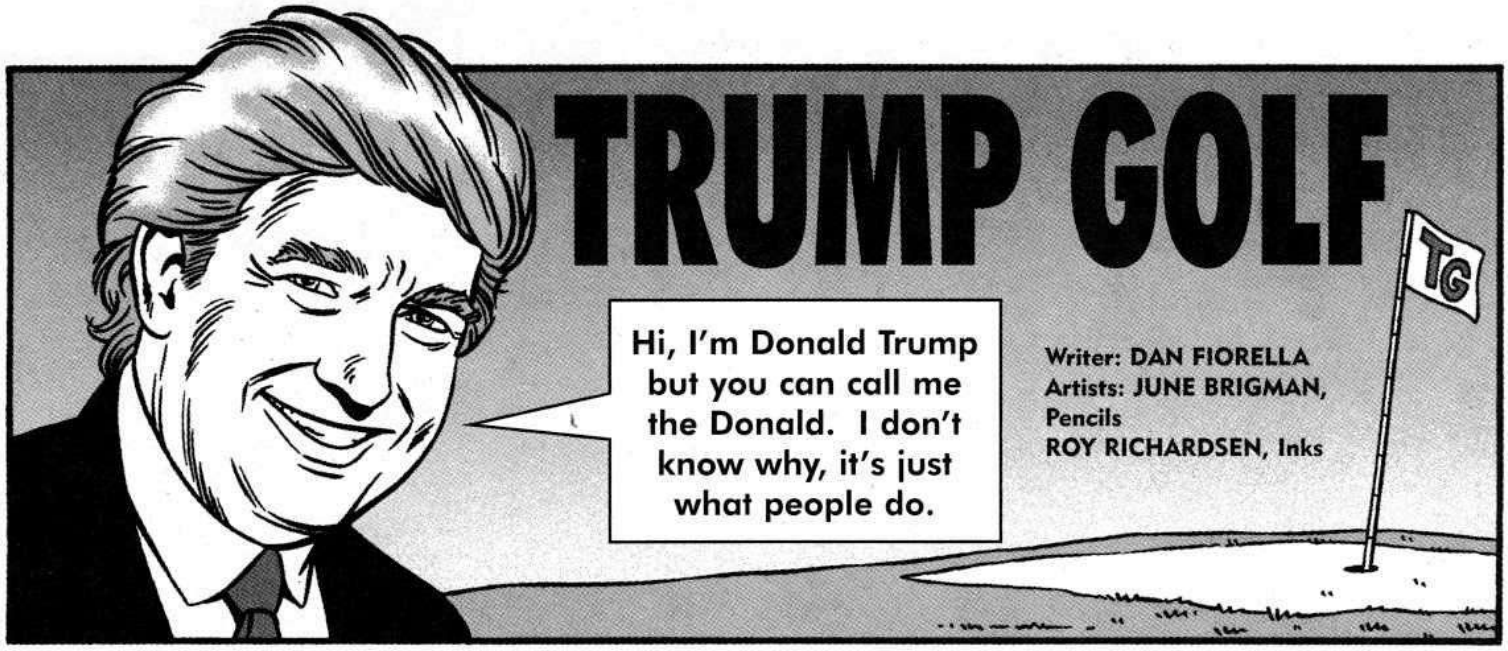
McMugger: A recent class of super-moron who will bypass your wallet packed with $500 cash and credit cards to steal your rotting, two-year-old Nike Air Jordans.

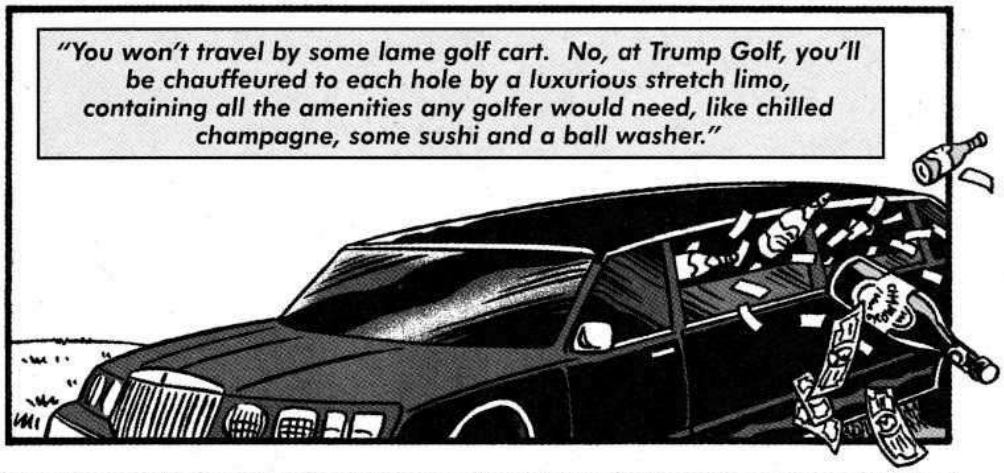
McLiterature: According to nearly all types of "authority figures," what you are holding in your hands at this very moment, and that is about to be confiscated, ripped to shreds and tossed into the nearest dumpster.

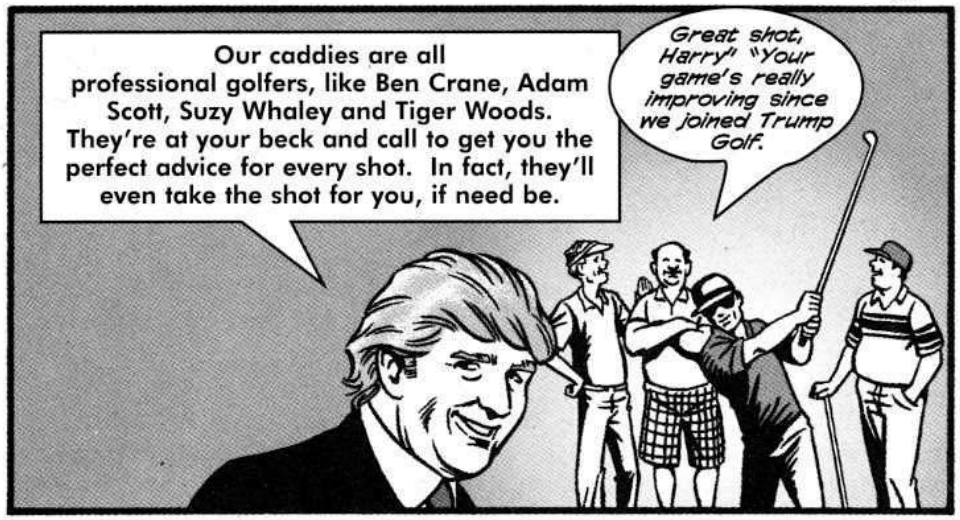
THE END

TRUMP GOLF

Writer: DAN FIORELLA
Artists: JUNE BRIGMAN, Pencils
ROY RICHARDSEN, Inks







On the 7th hole, you'll shoot your ball through a windmill. But not some dinky toy windmill, but a real authentic windmill I imported from Holland or the Netherlands or one of those countries.
Each hole is the size of a manhole, so everyone can get a hole-in-one. Hey, for the amount of money you'll be paying to play here, it's the least I could do.
You want water hazards? You know I got 'em! We flew in and installed the Great Salt Lake from Utah. Those Mormons couldn't get rid of it fast enough!
Of course, at the completion of each hole, there's dynamite musical show featuring the best looking show girls. I oughta know, I dated most of them! And as you finish the 18th hole, you'll enjoy a spectacular fireworks display.
"Need a break after nine holes? Then stop by the Trump Golf Mall, featuring many specialty shops which carry my new line of Trump Golf wear."
TRUMP GOLF MALL
STARBUX COFFEE
"And since the course is built over sacred Indian burial grounds, there's a casino, with the loosest slots in the state."
BAR

If you hit your ball into the rough, it'll be unlike any rough you've ever hit into before. Our wooded areas have been stocked with the most exotic animals from around the world. But fear not, we have the wildlife experts to keep them under control.

CRIKEY!

TRUMP GOLF

Built over ancient Indian burial grounds featuring the best all-you-can-eat buffet

So if you want a foursome with more some, come on down to Trump Golf for the holes of your life. It's not golf, it's Trump Golf.

Trump!

Who's that?

IT'S ME, ...GOD!

What can I do for you, God?

You disappoint me, Trump. I put you on earth and all you're worried about is money, real estate, fame and the deal !

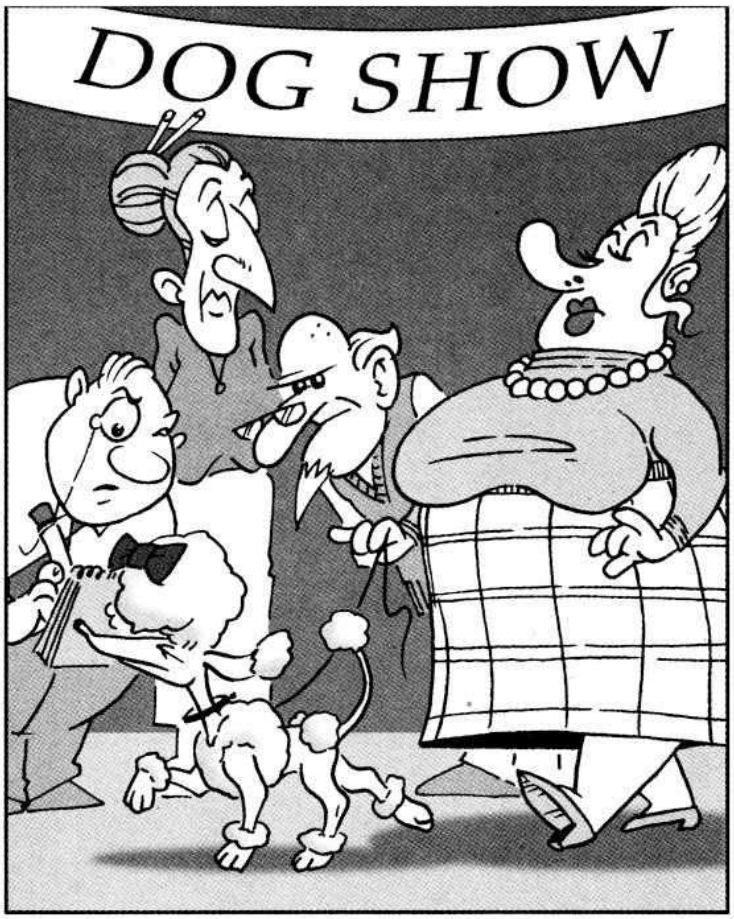
What's your point?

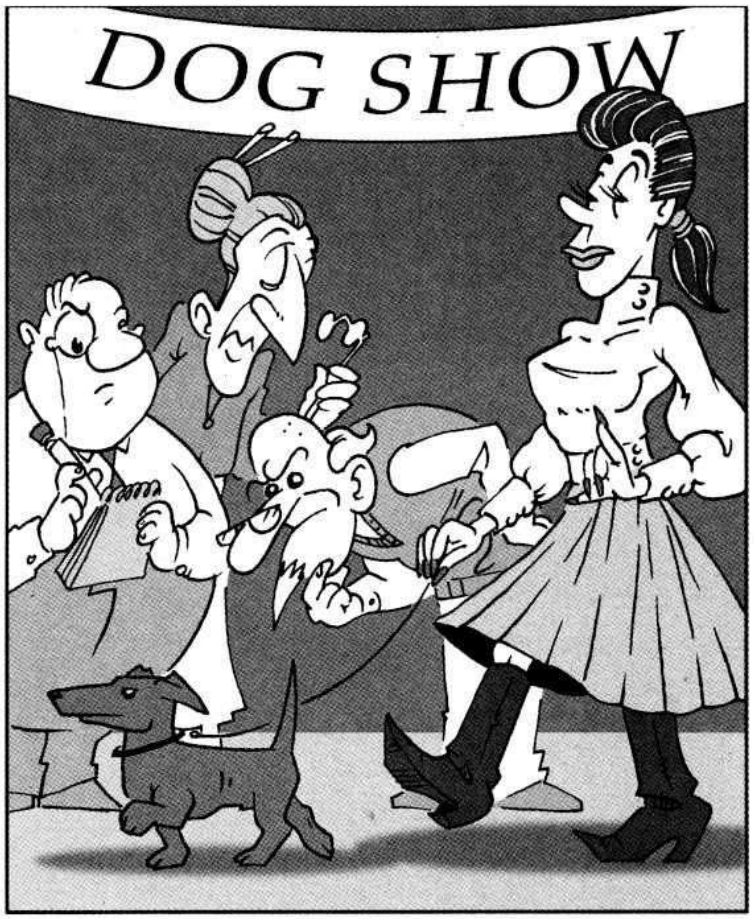
KA-BOOM!

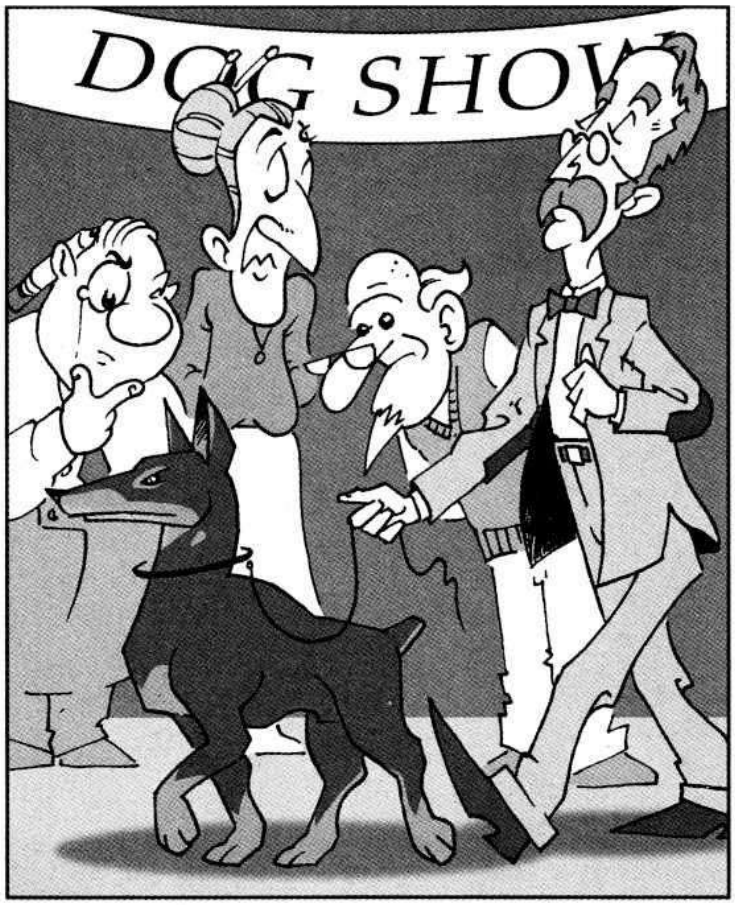
You're FIRED!

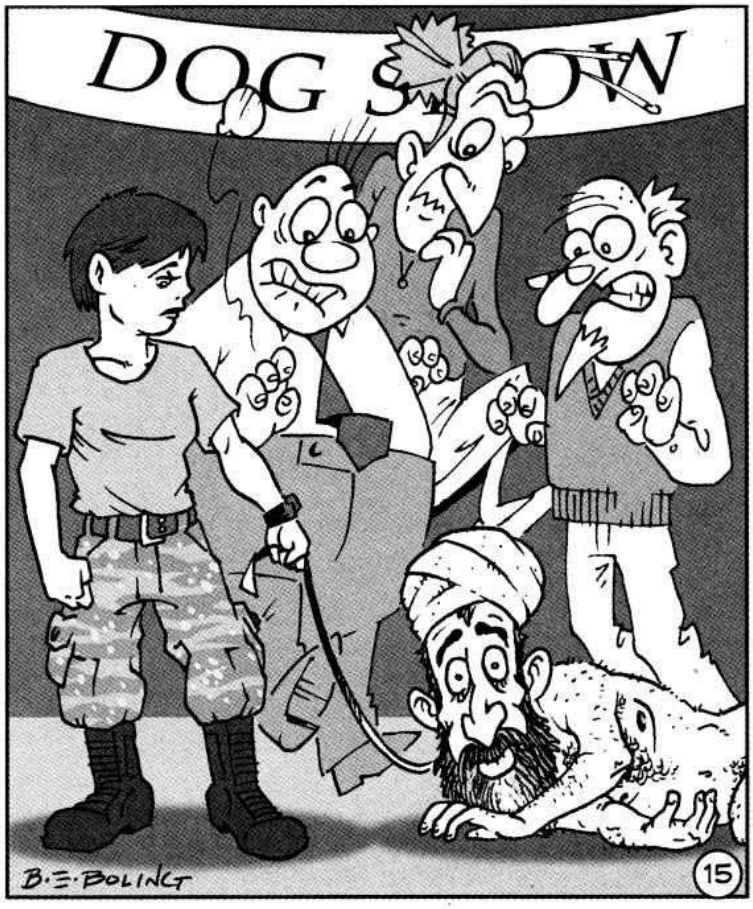
"WORST IN SHOW"

Writer: Scott Gosar Artist: Ben Boling



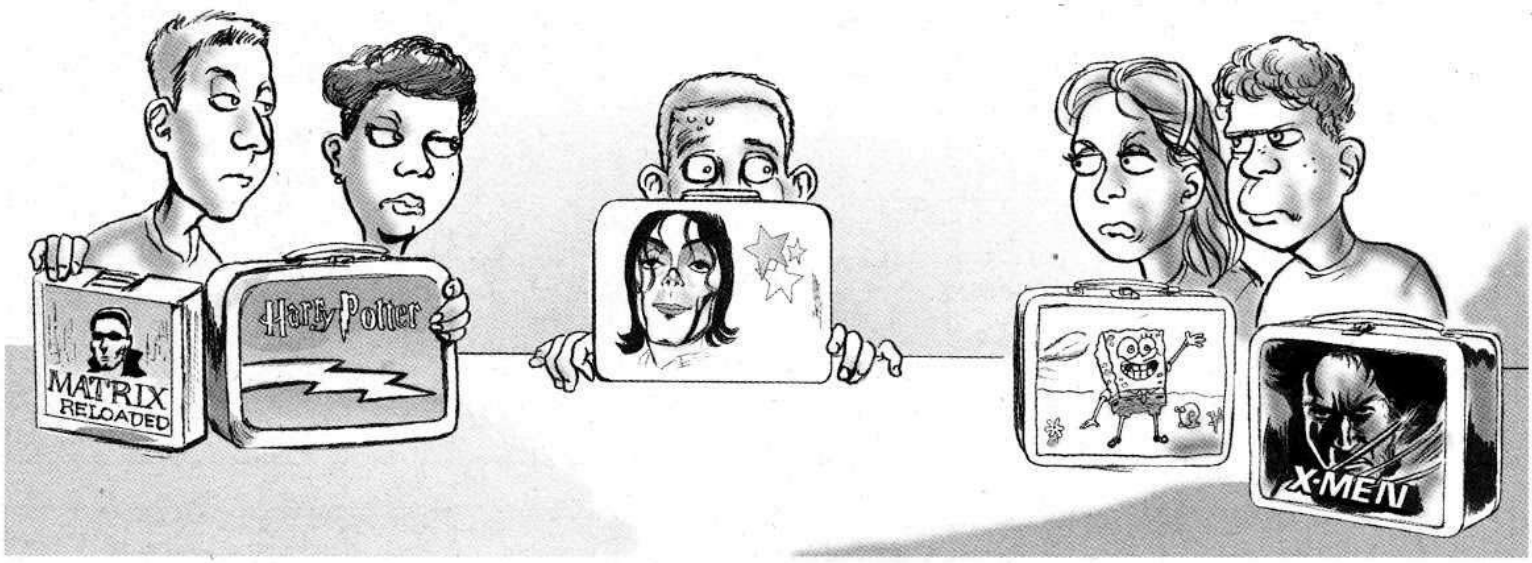






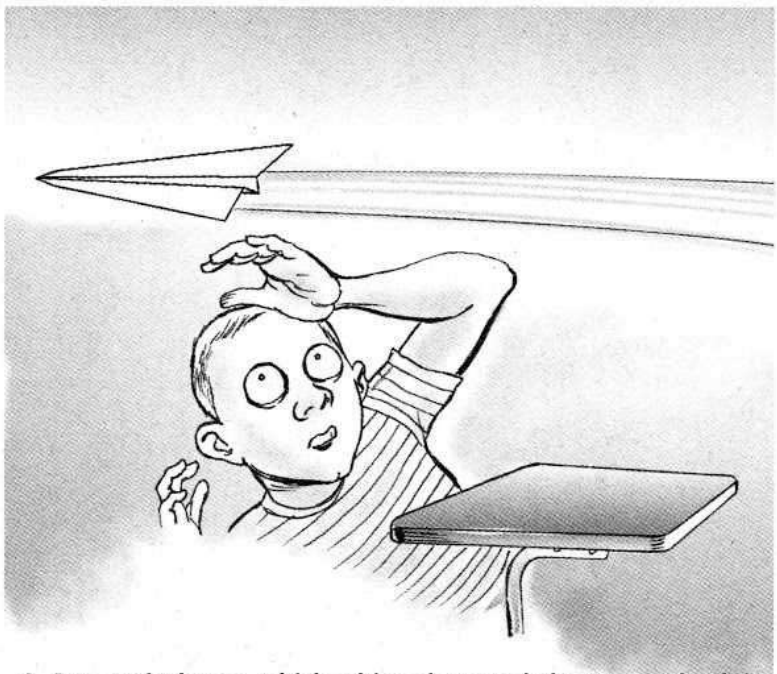
Remember that boring prison term of wasted days and homework-ridden nights known as "school?" Since all of us here at CRACKED actually spent close to a year in school (collectively), we can tell you some of what you can expect to encounter in your long journey toward your rewarding career in fast food management or as a humor magazine contributor, so without further ado, enjoy and, most importantly, learn from our . . .

CRACKED PREDICTIONS FOR THE 2004/2005 SCHOOL YEAR



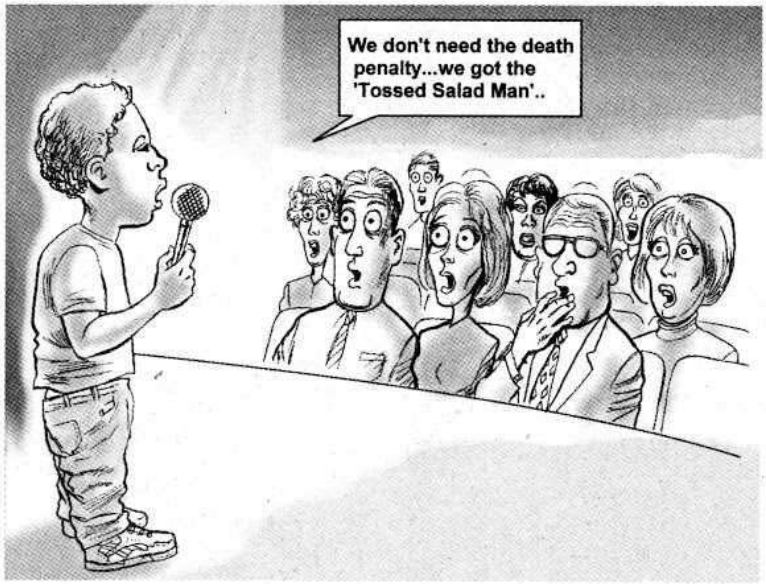
1. Your brand new Michael Jackson lunch pail that you thought would be the coolest in the cafeteria — isn't.

2. Once again, Mom will insist on picking your entire "Back To School" clothing ensemble — even though you're now a Sophomore.



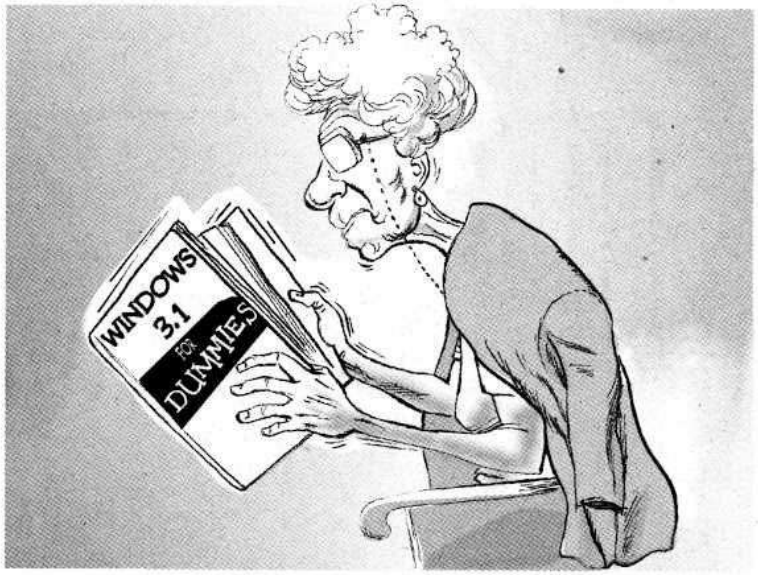
3. Paper airplanes, which whizzed around classrooms back in your parents' days, will make an astounding comeback with health-conscious kids, replacing germ-infested spit wads

4. At least one enterprising young student will make a handsome living charging others who want the 'kid friendly' filters disabled on their school computers.

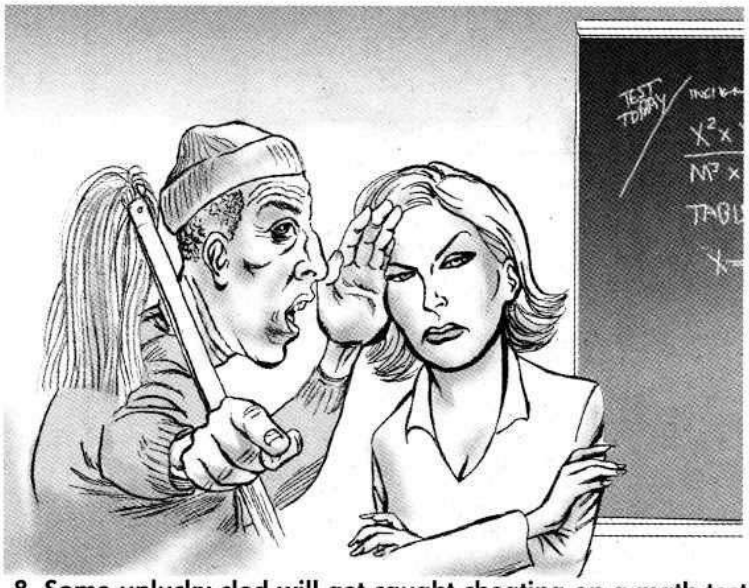


5. This year, reciting your favorite Chris Rock comedy routine verbatim will NOT be looked upon as a "high point" of your school's talent show.

6. Kids will wise up and stop bringing guns to school when they finally figure out that these things can really hurt people — especially themselves.



7. Miss Delores "The Living History Book" DeFossil will finally allow computers into her classroom after landing an online boyfriend through an Internet dating service.



8. Some unlucky clod will get caught cheating on a math test — by a janitor who just happened to pass by the classroom.

9. Your folks make the one threat that gets your attention: Either grades come up or you're becoming an altar boy!

12. The same technology that will enable you to download answer sheets for all your tests and quizzes will also enable you to positively identify your chemistry teacher as an Al Qaeda operative wanted by the CIA.

AND NOW AN AD FROM

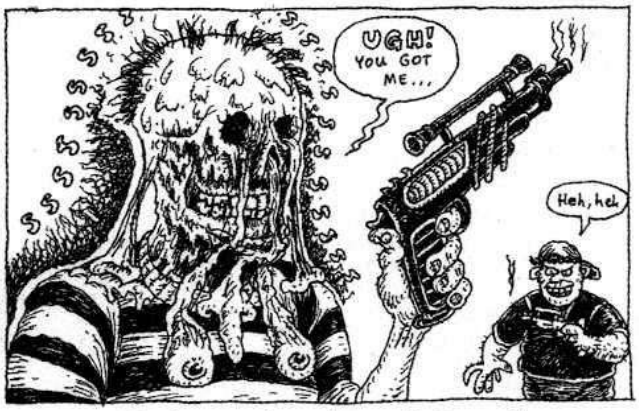
CRACKED-FIL-A:

Sports fans want excitement! Sports fans want thrills! Sports fans want blood and guts! If some sicko supremes had their way, they'd implement these . . .

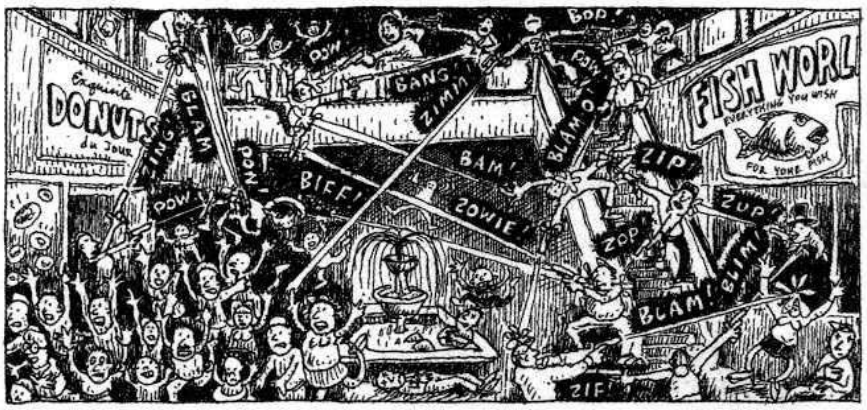
XTREME CHANGES TO CLASSIC SPORTS

Written by: Steve Strangio
Drawn by: Billy Genius

PAINTBALL



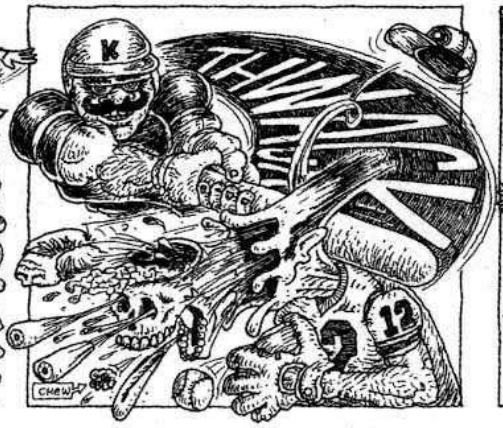
. . . Replace paint with sulfuric acid.



. . . Play the game in a busy mall.

BASEBALL

. . . 2 more bases will be added ... and one of those bases will be a land mine.



. . . Players can use the bat to beat on other players.

. . . Catchers will be armed with an Uzi in order to defend home plate.

BASKETBALL

. . . 26 baskets will be added to the court . . . each one armed with explosive backboards.

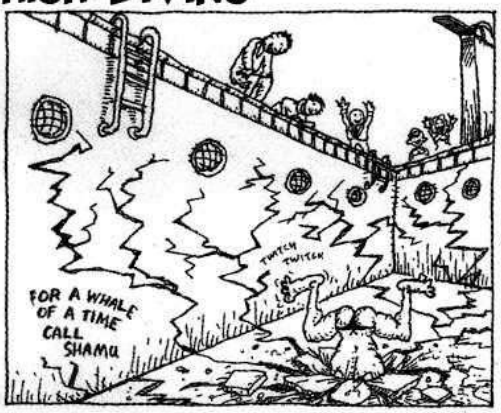
. . . The "Tip-Off" will be replaced by the "Smack In The Head With The Basketball."

. . . Any annoying, loud-mouthed court-side celebrity will have his/her head ripped off and used as the basketball.

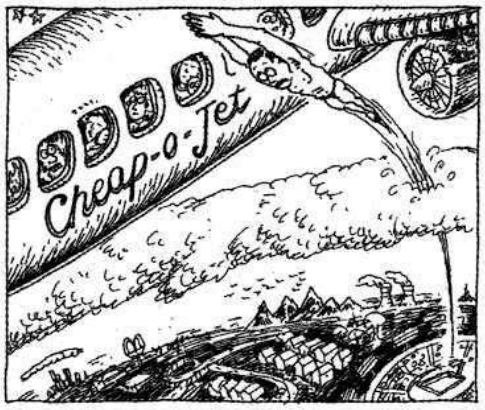
AUTO RACING

. . . would now conform to the "Death Race 2000" rules.

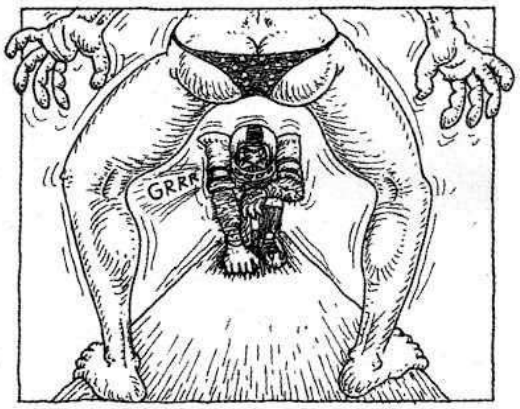
HIGH DIVING



. . . Drain the pool.



. . . Increase the tension on the diving board.



. . . Other divers play defense.

FIGURE SKATING

. . . Skaters have to perform their routine at the same time. Last one standing is the winner.

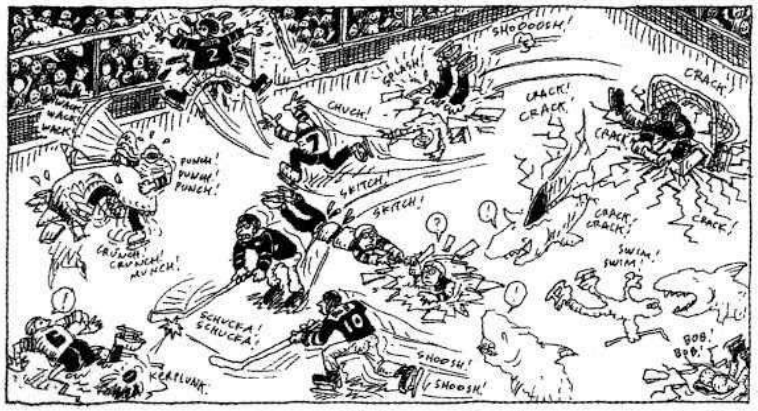
FIELD HOCKEY

. . . Only played by bikini models.

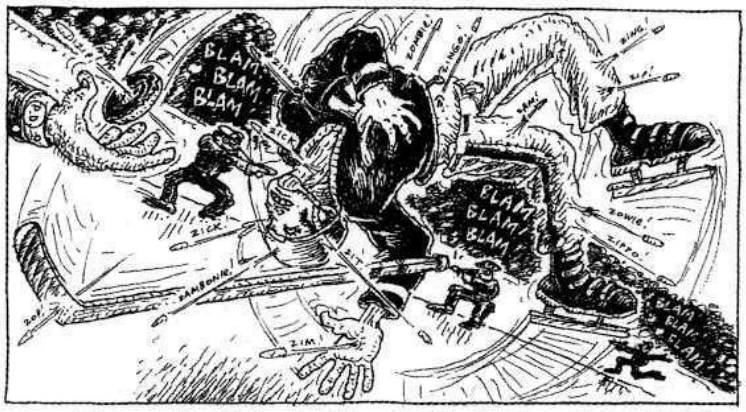
. . . The referee must be a convicted sex offender forced to wear a strait jacket.

. . .Half-Time festivities will include the "Fan Appreciation Back Rub" and the ever-popular "Fantasy Hip Check."

HOCKEY

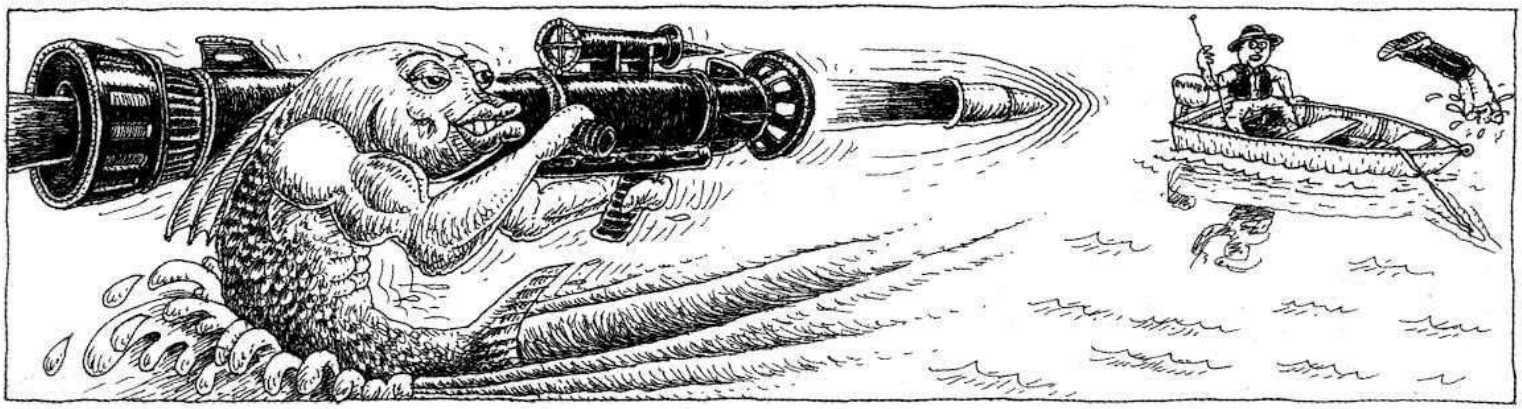


. . . Various patches of "thin ice" will be strategically placed all around the arena. Rabid sharks swim below.



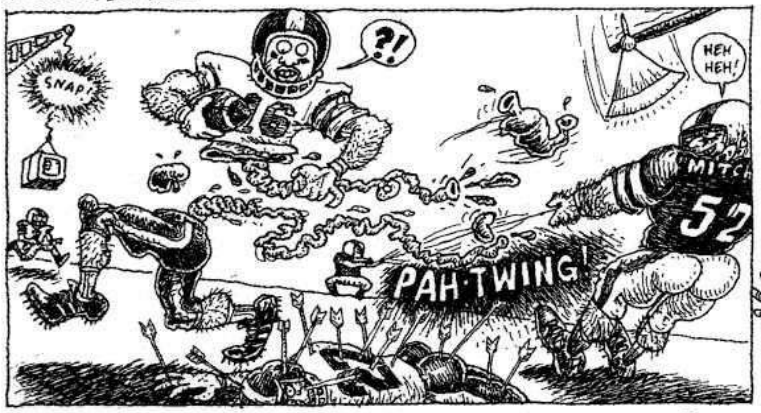
. . . The puck will be replaced with a chocolate donut. Angry cops will chase the players and shoot them if they try to hit that donut.

FISHING

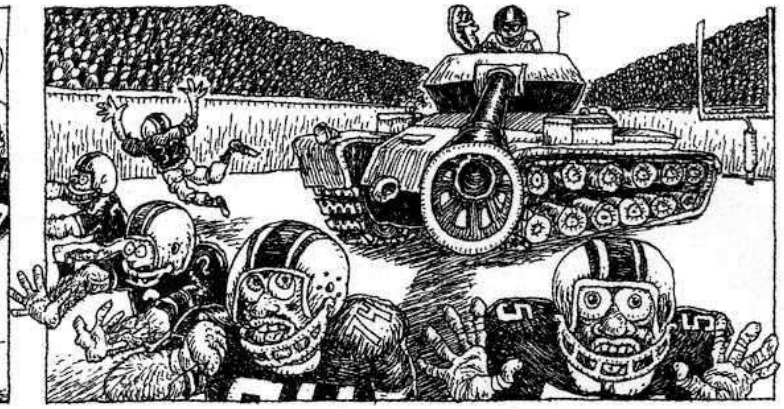


Even the odds . . . Arm the fish.

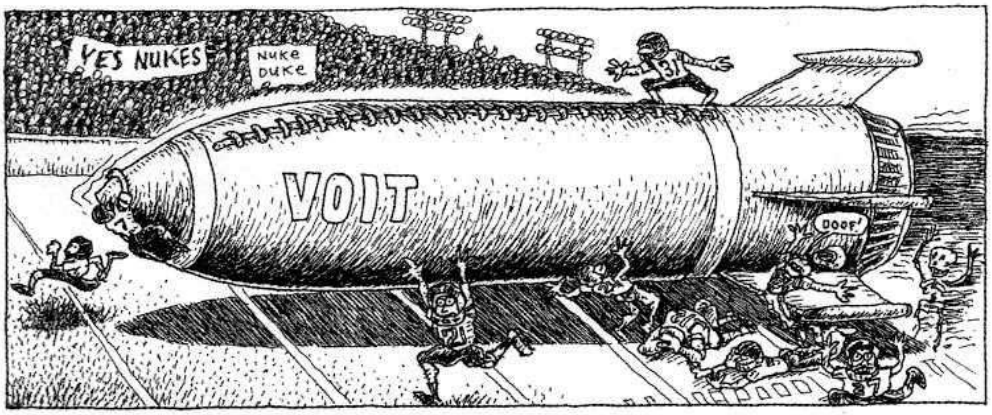
FOOTBALL



. . . All rules are gone as it becomes every man for himself. Disemboweling is encouraged. What FUN!



. . . The offense gets to use a tank.

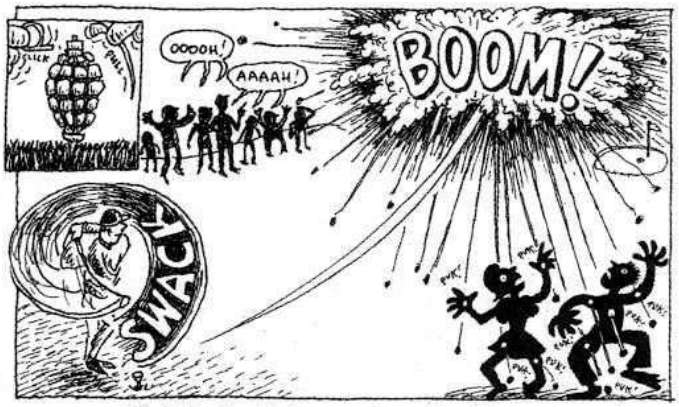


. . . The football will be replaced with a 100-megaton nuclear missile.

. . . Nobody wears a jock.

GOLF

. . . Every hole played . . . full contact.

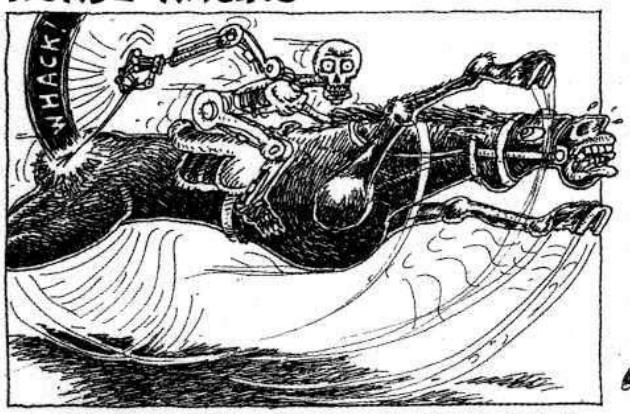


. . . Golf ball will be replaced with a grenade.

. . . Killer mutant trees will stalk and kill any player who dares enter their domain.

. . . Caddies will also be trained ninja assassins. No more "dullness" in golf!

HORSE RACING



. . . Jockeys will be replaced by Terminator-style midget androids.

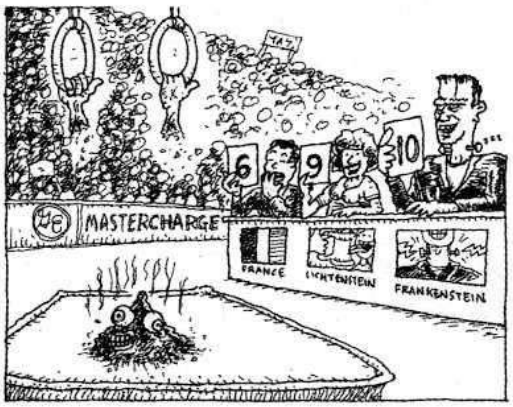
. . . Laser beams will be strapped to each horse.

. . . A figure-8 track will encourage exciting horse-on-horse head on collisions.

GYMNASTICS

. . . . Introduce three new events:
1. The Really, Really, Really, REALLY Uneven Bars

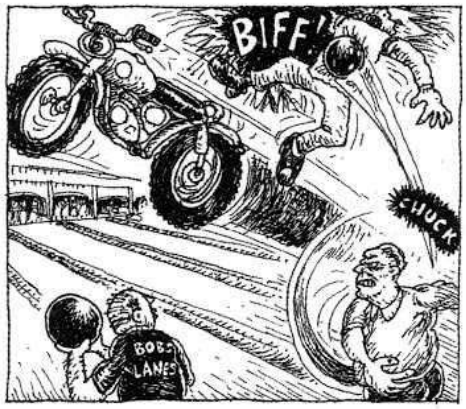
. . . 2. The Pommel Horse of the Apocalypse



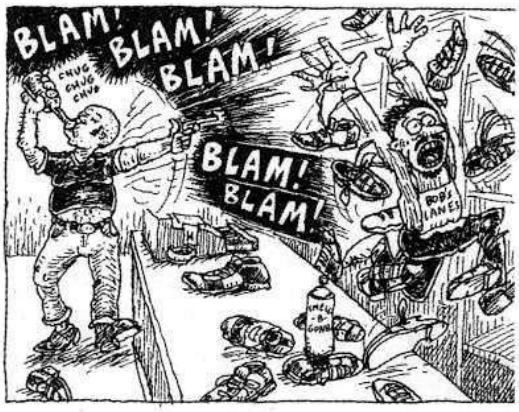
. . . 3. The Electrified Rings of Death.

BOWLING

. . . Really angry dwarves who curse a lot will replace bowling pins.

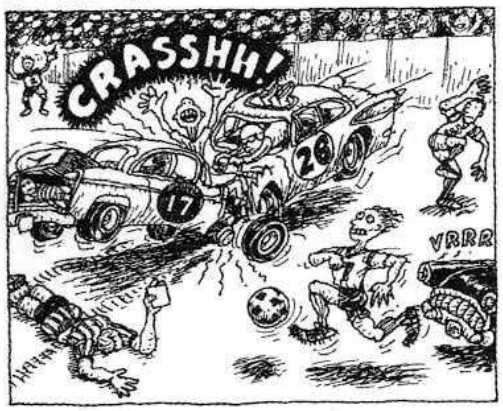


. . . Motorcycle daredevils will jump over lanes to distract bowlers.



. . . Get a strike, chug a beer . . . get two strikes, do a shot . . . get three strikes, get rip-stinkin' drunk and shoot the guy who disinfects the shoes.

SOCCER



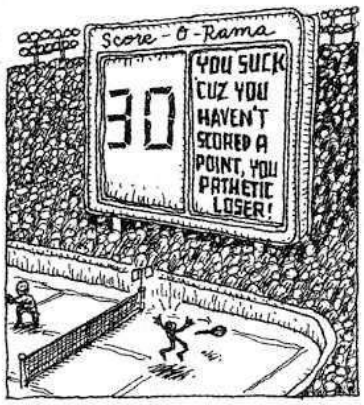
. . . NO MORE wimpy prima donnas in shorts! Demolition derby drivers will now play this game.

. . . Every soccer fan inside the stadium will be armed with lethal weapons and be forced to battle it out as they cheer for their teams.

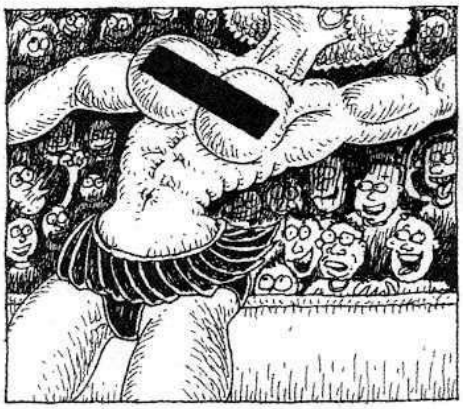
. . . Live cannons will be used for penalty shots.

TENNIS

. . . The tennis net becomes electrified.



. . . The score of zero will no longer be called "love" . . . the new term is "you suck 'cuz you haven't scored a point, you pathetic loser."



. . . Hot tennis player babes would have to go topless.

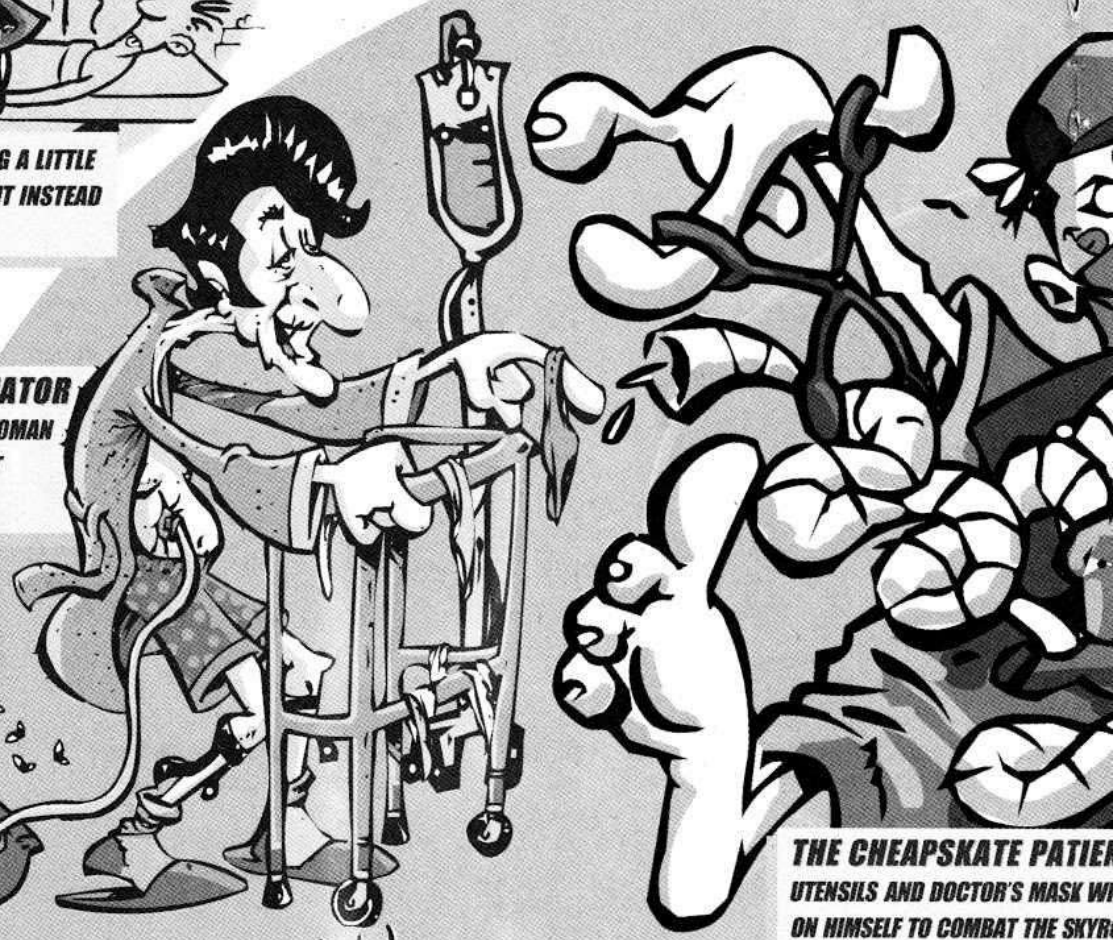
THE END

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? SUBSCRIBE TO CRACKED ON PAGE 40 -- OR AT WWW.CRACKEDMAG.COM

Let's face it, the world we live in is chock fu
scalawags, doody heads and worst of all...C
navigate through your daily life, we've comp

PEOPLE T at the HOSP

AN OVEREXCITED SURGEON HAVING A LITTLE TOO MUCH FUN WITH HIS BELLY BUTTON LINT INSTEAD OF PREPARING FOR YOUR OPERATION



THE GERIATRIC ELVIS IMPERSONATOR THAT CAN REMEMBER THE NAME OF EVERY WOMAN THAT THREW UNDERWEAR AT HIM BUT CAN'T REMEMBER TO EMPTY HIS COLOSTOMY BAG

THE CHEAPSKATE PATIE
UTENSILS AND DOCTOR'S MASK W
ON HIMSELF TO COMBAT THE SKYR

THE OVER-MEDICATED CROSS-DRESSING BIKER WITH STALE BAR BREATH, POWDER BLUE EYE SHADOW AND SPIKED ACCESSORIES WHO THINKS YOU'RE CUTE AND REALLY WANTS YOU TO TOUCH HIS GOITER FOR GOOD LUCK

THE IRRADIATED, PRACTICAL JOKING X-RAY TECHNICIAN WITH RADIATION POISONING WHO'S ATTENDED ONE TOO MANY CHEMOTHERAPY SESSIONS ATTEMPTING LEVITY BY ASKING YOU TO PULL HIS FINGER

full of misfits, miscreants, rapscallions,
..CRACKED readers!!! So, to help you
mpiled this handy dandy guide of

O AVOID PITAL

By Mike Arnold

ANY NURSE OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD WITH ARTHRITIS, CARRYING A DIRTY HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, HAS NOSE WARTS, AN IMPACTED SMIRK , THROMBOSIS, LIVER SPOTS AND VISIBLE FESTERING SORES OVER THIRTY PERCENT OF HER BODY

THE DROOLING, TOOTH-LESS, WALL-EYED ORDERLY WEARING A PLASTIC FIREMAN HAT WHO SEEMS A LITTLE TOO INSISTENT ON GIVING YOU AN ENEMA THAT YOU DON'T REALLY NEED OR REALLY WANT

TIENT WHO BROUGHT HIS OWN SURGICAL
SK WHO INSISTS ON PERFORMING THE OPERATION
SKYROCKETING COST OF HEALTH CARE

THE BATTLE FATIGUED, SCHIZOID WAR VET IN FULL BODY ARMOR WHO'S ABSOLUTELY CONVINCED THAT "CHARLIE'S ANGELS" WERE ACTUALLY FEMALE VIET CONG SPIES BROADCASTING SECRET CODES RIGHT INTO THE LIVING ROOMS OF THE SUBVERSIVE, COMMIE, PINKOS RIGHT HERE IN THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.

another whacked Cracked sing-along song!

Writer:
Scott Gosar

Artist:
Michael D'Antuono

Faster than a two-martini "power lunch!" More reckless than The Donald's hairdo! Able to "whack" the competition with a single plunge! It's a shark! It's a piranha! It's . . .

'OMAROSA'

(Sung to the tune of "Desperado") with deepest apologies to The Eagles (Well, not REALLY . . .)

Omarosa . . .
You were a sneaky "Apprentice."
You came off like a menace;
a liar as well.
Oh, you're a mean one-
Almost as cold as the Trumpster
With ethics from the dumpster
It's "must-see TV."

Don't you play that tired old "race card," girl-
You ain't no Johnny Cochran.
Stabbing backs was always
your best bet.
To you, Kwame was loyal
but then you screwed him
royal.
Not canning you
became his worst regret.

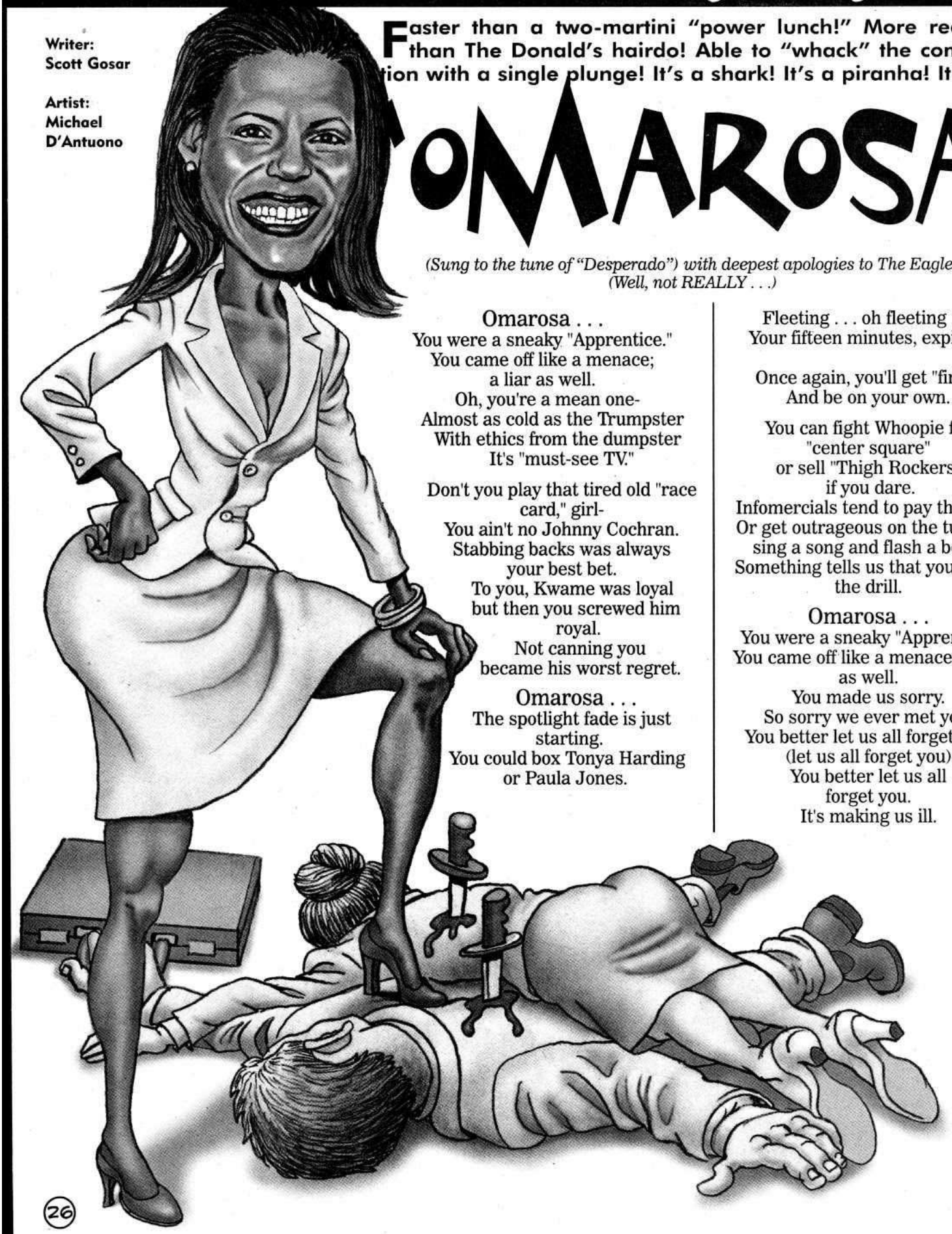
Omarosa . . .
The spotlight fade is just
starting.
You could box Tonya Harding
or Paula Jones.

Fleeting . . . oh fleeting . . .
Your fifteen minutes, expired.

Once again, you'll get "fired"
And be on your own.

You can fight Whoopie for
"center square"
or sell "Thigh Rockers"
if you dare.
Infomercials tend to pay the bills
Or get outrageous on the tube —
sing a song and flash a boob.
Something tells us that you know
the drill.

Omarosa . . .
You were a sneaky "Apprentice"
You came off like a menace; a liar
as well.
You made us sorry.
So sorry we ever met you.
You better let us all forget you.
(let us all forget you)
You better let us all
forget you.
It's making us ill.



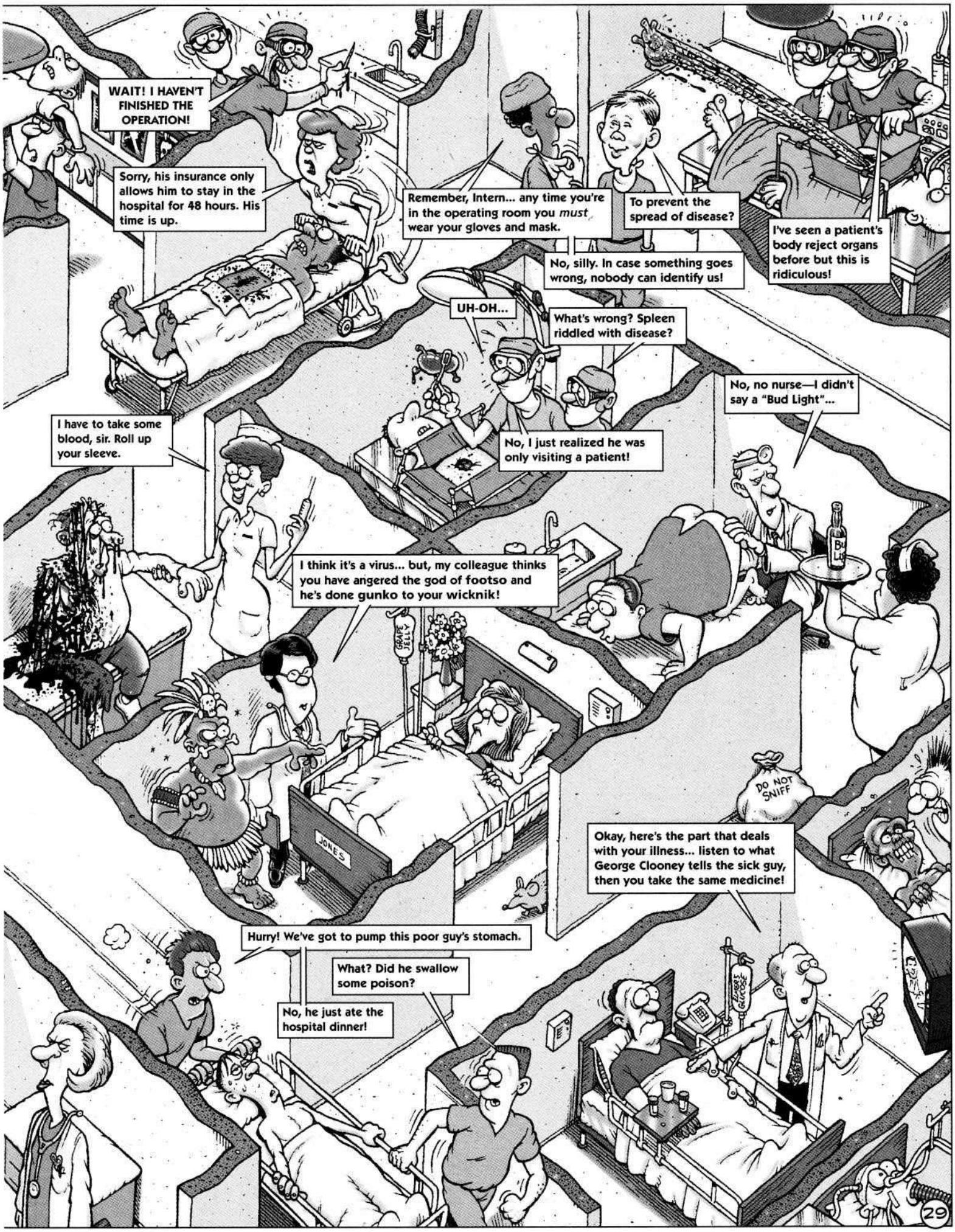
FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Written by: Steve Herold
Drawn by: Kent Kennedy

The Healthcare System has undergone some radical changes in the past few years. We decided, as a service to our readers, to rip the roof off a local hospital to see the changes for ourselves. We just picked on the medical profession 3 pages earlier, and we found this cool montage published way back in CRACKED #319 you're sure to get a kick out of.

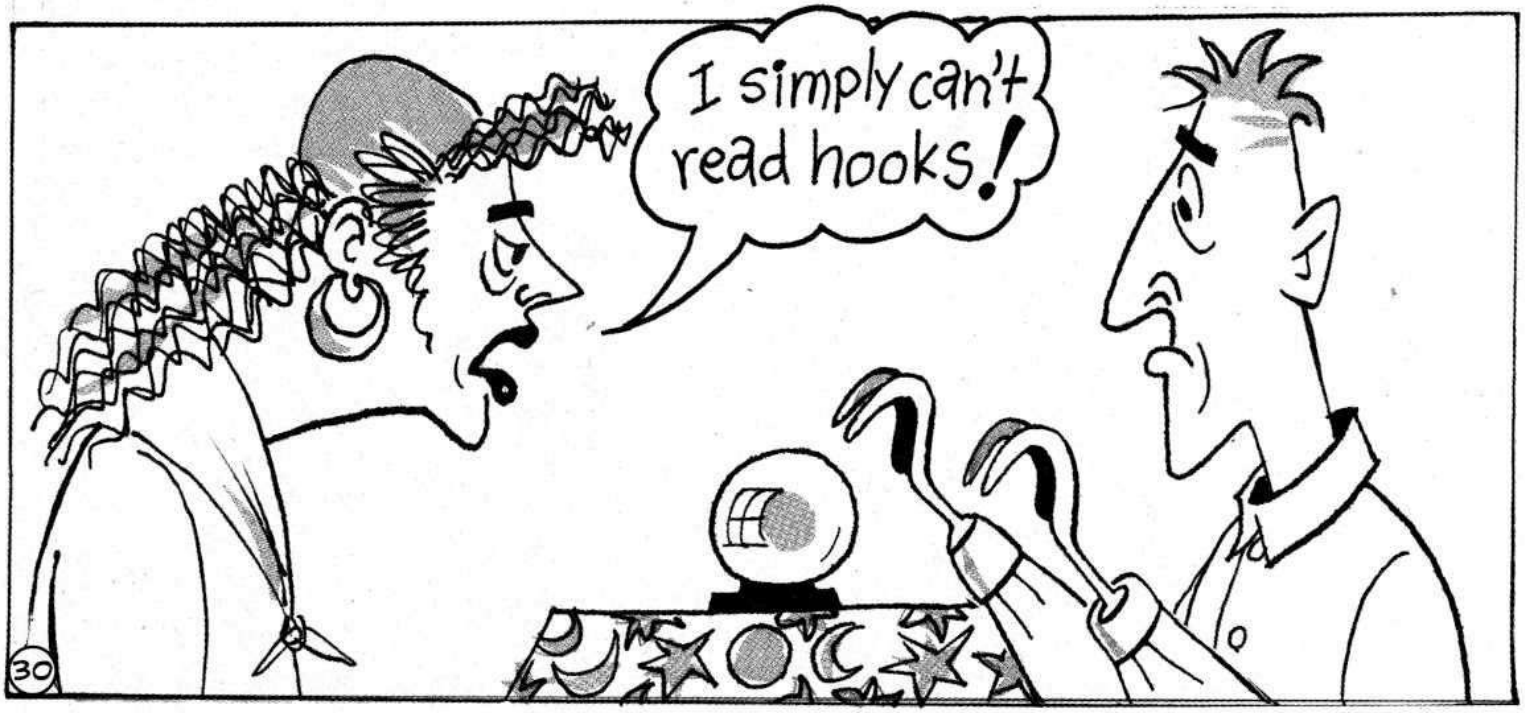
CRACKED VISITS A MODERN HOSPITAL

WRITER:
FRED SAHNER
ARTIST:
FRANK CUMMINGS, D.D.T.


WAIT! I HAVEN'T FINISHED THE OPERATION!
Sorry, his insurance only allows him to stay in the hospital for 48 hours. His time is up.
Remember, Intern... any time you're in the operating room you *must* wear your gloves and mask.
To prevent the spread of disease?
No, silly. In case something goes wrong, nobody can identify us!
I've seen a patient's body reject organs before but this is ridiculous!
UH-OH...
What's wrong? Spleen riddled with disease?
No, I just realized he was only visiting a patient!
No, no nurse—I didn't say a "Bud Light"...
I have to take some blood, sir. Roll up your sleeve.
I think it's a virus... but, my colleague thinks you have angered the god of footso and he's done gunko to your wicknik!
GRAPE JELLY
JONES
DO NOT SNIFF
Okay, here's the part that deals with your illness... listen to what George Clooney tells the sick guy, then you take the same medicine!
Hurry! We've got to pump this poor guy's stomach.
What? Did he swallow some poison?
No, he just ate the hospital dinner!

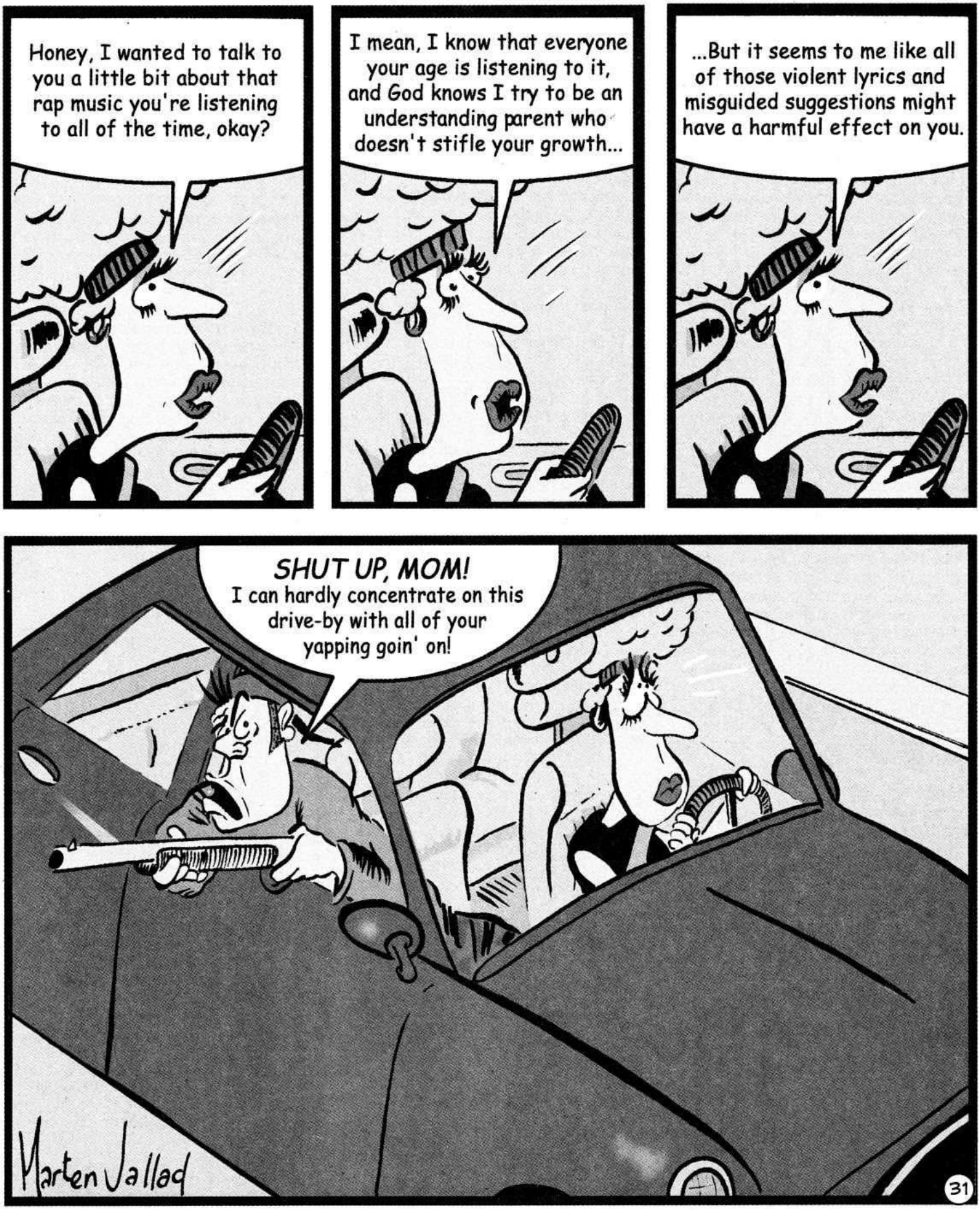
HANDS OFF!

Writer: KIT LIVELY
Artist: DON OREHEK
(As originally published in CRACKED 319)



MOTHER OF ALL SHUT-UP JOKES

By MARTEN JALLAD



Hey CRACKED, I love your magazine and it is really funny! I think you could make some improvements though. Like having at least one magazine for every month and making it at least 10 more pages longer. You should also try to make more Monster Parties. You should make lots of merchandise too.

P.S. Please post this in your magazine (hi all you people in magazine land!) Oh yeah call me "Buddy." I'll be emailing you more.

Buddy
pthompson7@cfl.rr.com

It is a good thing you asked us to call you "Buddy," because we were actually thinking of going with something more along the lines of "Percy" or "Condoleeza."
We would love to publish CRACKED 12 times a year, but since we keep having to bail Butch out of jail, our budget is severely limited. We may start publishing nine issues a year instead of our current six, but we'll have to wait and see if Butch can behave himself so we can afford to publish the extra editions.
As for your request for more "Monster Parties" and CRACKED merchandise, we tried to put Butch in charge of that as well, but all he seems to know how to make are shivs and license plates.

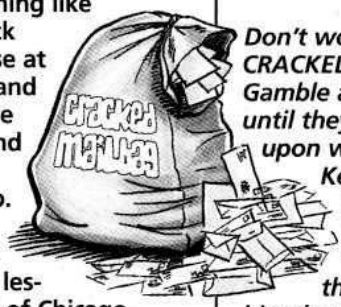
Hey CRACKED,
I hate Pukey McSpew so much! I can't believe you brought him back after so many issues without him. I thought for sure that you got rid of him for good, so imagine my disgust when I opened the new issue, and there he was again-gacking up his lunch for the entire world to see and smell.
Pukey SUCKS!

Michelle Grable
Columbia, SC

Pukey McSpew in action.

We appreciate your thoughtful, articulate and straightforward critique of our resident ralpher-regurgitator Pukey McSpew, but we regret to inform you that you are incorrect on one of your main points. How so, you might ask? Well, Pukey doesn't "suck."
He "spews."
There is a big difference. Now that little dog on page 29 of CRACKED #357 who is eagerly lapping up Pukey's generous "offering?"
HE Sucks.

Dear CRACKED,
First and foremost, you guys are the best magazine in the world. I have been a loyal fan since 1998 when I picked up my first issue of CRACKED with the Leonardo DiCaprio/Dawson's Creek spoof. I was laughing like crazy when I read it. Dick Kulpa and every one else at CRACKED are geniuses and a group consisting of the most funny, talented, and amazing people in the world. I am an artist too. I started drawing comics in 4th grade and I took summer drawing lessons at the Art Institute of Chicago. By the way, it is also good to hear that CRACKED moved to Rockford, Illinois. As for my question: I had the issue where the Simpsons starred on Jerry Springer but I lost it when I moved. I was wondering where I could find it besides the Mega Mall and eBay. Once again, CRACKED rules, and thank you very much for 6 years of laughter and counting!



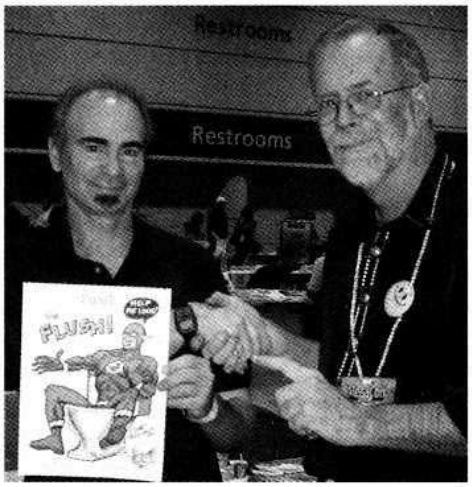
Your friend,
Adam
Stupidkid458@aol.com

Hey Adam,
We know that we are funny, talented and, yes, extremely amazing, but Dick Kulpa and everyone else at CRACKED "geniuses?" Someone grab the smelling salts STAT! This poor guy is DILIRIOUS! It just so happens that a certain CRACKED Editor who also runs a website called The Humor Hovel at www.themadstore.com has plenty of copies of the "Simpsons on Springer" issue of CRACKED for sale. You might want to drop him a line at the e-mail address listed on the website when you regain consciousness and finally see us for the unfunny, untalented and extremely uninteresting idiots that we really are!

Dear CRACKED,
Your new artist Kent Gamble is AWESOME! I loved his front cover for CRACKED #363 (Justin can give me a "wardrobe malfunction" anytime!), and got a big kick out of the "Beatles Tunes" piece he did with Scott Gosar. I want to see a lot more of Kent in the future!

Tracy D.
Boston, MA.

Don't worry, Tracy, we plan to give CRACKED readers all the amazing Kent Gamble artistry that they can handle until they "Kent" take anymore, whereupon we'll give them even more.
Kent was a CRACKED artist back in the mid-1980s, so as far as we're concerned, the only "new" thing about Mr. G. these days is that we finally let him draw a front cover, which should have happened a long time ago. Look for many more Kent Gamble covers to come. As far as wanting to see a lot more of Kent in the future, weire sure that he would be fine with that, but you might want to check with Mrs. Gamble first!



This comics fan is armed with a Kulpa spoof sketch! He's all ready for the restroom!

Hey CRACKED,
You guys killed me with "Martha Stewpid: Prisoner of Good Taste/Big House Living!" I was wondering if you would ever get around to sticking it to "Little Miss Perfection" in your usual wicked CRACKED fashion. Now that Martha's goose has been cooked (and basted with a fine brandy until golden brown) how about kicking some more Bin Laden booty? He has to know that we haven't forgotten him while he hides in his caves.

Jim U.
Carthage, TN
Well Jim, it just so happens that a certain "O-Dog" makes an appearance in

Cracked...

Hey Cracked-heads -- we love to read your mail!
Send your cards and letters to:
BUT CRACKED
c/o CRACKED Magazine
P.O. Box 3098, ROCKFORD, Illinois 61106
Or email us at fanmail@crackedmag.com

this very issue. Look for "O-Such-a Bin Loser" in a feature called "Worst in Show." 'Tis about time CRACKED leashed him up and brought before a tribunal of hard-nosed judges.

B-MOVIE Scream Queen Debbie Rochon and pals react to a CRACKED back issue.

Dear CRACKED,
I really liked Butch's new game shows. (Artist) David Alvarez rocks hard and fast! Here is one I thought of in case you want to do another article about that someday: "To Smell The Truth: Panelists have to figure out which of three contestants is the one who hasn't taken a bath in a week.
CRACKED #363 is your best issue yet!
Brian W.
Klamath Falls, OR

Great idea, Brian. Who's hosting the new show? "Stink" Martindale? Although we detest the word "work," ("handout" is a term that we really like, however), we appreciate your compliment of CRACKED #363. Hope you like this issue, too!

Hey CRACKED,
"If Jessica Simpson 'Did' History" was freakin' funny! You should do an "Ashton Kutcher Does History" where he marries Betsy Ross or Susan B. Anthony. If you did that, I would subscribe to CRACKED for life!

"CRACKED" Manny Hammish
Miami, FL

We'd love to do a Ashton Kutcher historical send-up, Manny. But before he could marry Betsy Ross or Susan B., he would have to divorce Joan of Arc — and then there is the risk that current flame Demi Moore would find out and poor Ashton would probably be sent to bed without dinner — permanently! We'd love FOR you to subscribe to CRACKED for life, but how would you know it was for life until you — oh, never mind! Thanks for writing.

Dear Cracked,
I love your mag. It's the best! I love it when you make fun of Michael Jackson, so keep it up!! I wish you could make fun of Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera more often. In Issue #357, on the cover you made 2 Articunos, when there is only supposed to be one. And if you look closely they are carrying the same person!!!! I always buy your mag but I missed a couple, and I looked in your "back issues" section to order them but they weren't there!! They're issues, #356, #358, and #359. Is there any way I could order these?
— Chelsea Merchant

P.S. I'm gonna try to go to one of the (comic) conventions. So, I might see you there :)

The reason for the two Articunos? Because we're CRACKED and we can do what we want (sounds better than "because we screwed up." If you can't find certain editions on our "Back Issues" page, you might try "The Humor Hovel" at www.themadstore.com, or eBay.

• • •

This wraps up our letters for this issue, folks! Keep those cards, letters and emails coming!

***CRACKED** doggy mascot and comic con favorite "Rocky" underwent surgery on his first birthday after recently dislocating a rear knee. Rocky's sporting a cast, but he's as peppy as ever!*

YO! BUTCH!

Editor's note: Butch is writing this from the local stockade where he's doing 60 days for "borrowing" a trailer:

Dear Butch:
Welcome to the pen! Is there any chance you can speak to the warden about letting us receive (and read) our CRACKED magazines while we're doing our time?
— Holiday Inmate

Yo Holiday:
Just drop by my hole and I'll slip you a whole year's worth. I'll even sign your friends up for subs.

Hey Butch:
Please tell your readers that I'm really not the bad dood everyone thinks I am.
— Bubba

Yo Bubba:
Just keep yo azz away from me!

Butch:
The food here sux. Tell the world!
— Alkatraz Seltzer

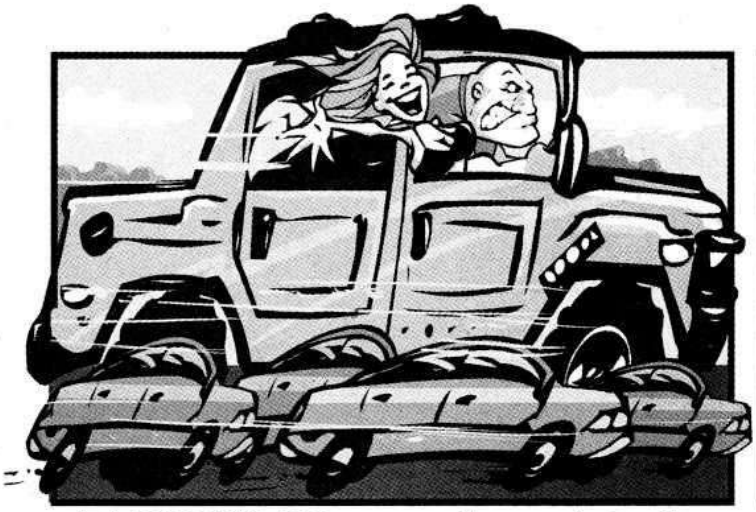
Dear Alka:
I know one dude who got such a bad case of flatulence he qualified for early release!

Butch writes this advice column as a condition of his probation. Send all letters to Butch in care of CRACKED magazine

After 363 CRACKED editions, the world truly is a better place as our writers and artists expose our own culture's dumber sides. But there's lots to be done. And so, we hereby remind our faithful readers that things might be just a little bit better . . .

If It Weren't For...

Written by SCOTT GOSAR Art by MIKE ARNOLD

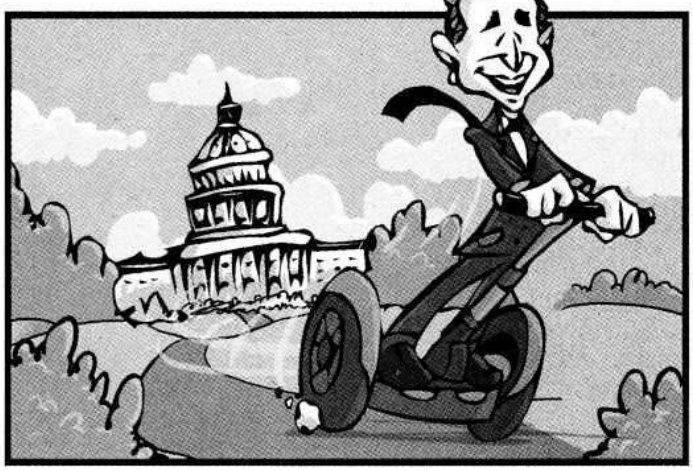


IF IT WEREN'T FOR gas guzzling road pigs like Humvees and SUVs . . .

. . . OPEC ministers might be CHECKING your oil instead of selling it to you!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR good strong alcoholic beverages . . .

. . . ugly gals would NEVER look so good at a bar!

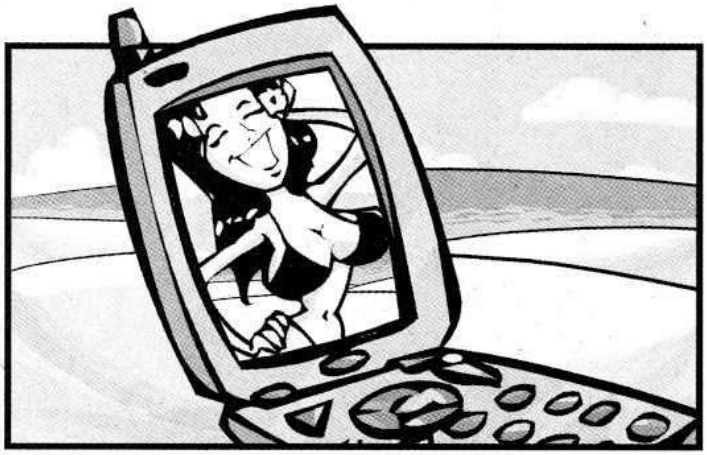


IF IT WEREN'T FOR President George W. Bush. . .

. . . millions of "C" students who partied their way through college would have never seen themselves as "presidential material"!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR the stock market . . .

. . . CEOs of large corporations would have to rob investors by more conventional means!

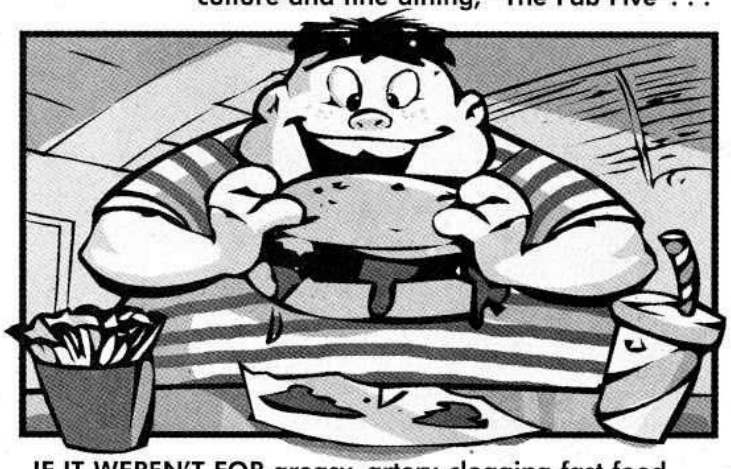


IF IT WEREN'T FOR cell phone cameras . . .

. . . students would still have to cheat on exams the old-fashioned way!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR those suave, witty gurus of fashion, culture and fine dining, "The Fab Five". . .

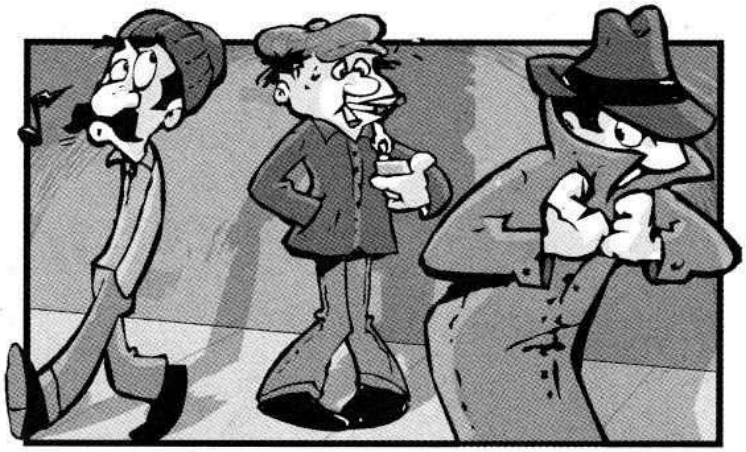
. . . "straight guys" would still be doing most of the "educating!"



IF IT WEREN'T FOR greasy, artery-clogging fast food . . .

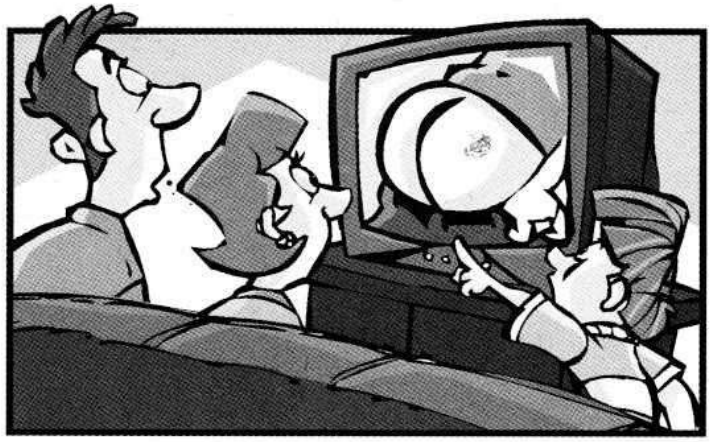
. . . fat kids would have no one to sue for "making" them eat that crap!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR guys like O.J. Simpson and Scott Peterson . . .



. . . "real killers" everywhere could breathe a whole lot easier!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR a nasty little thing called "time" . . .

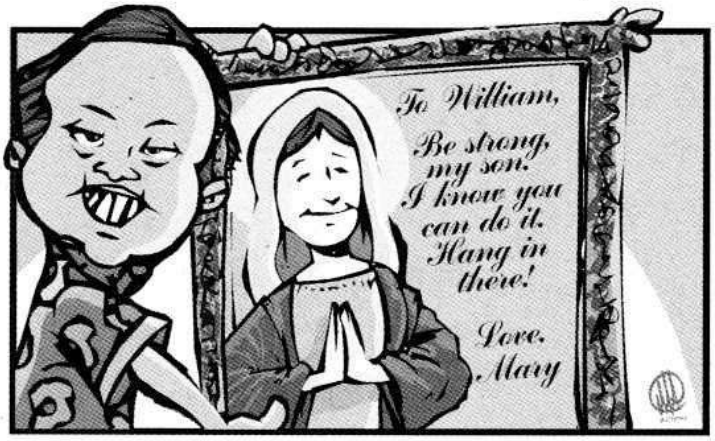


. . . celebrities wouldn't have to resort to cheap publicity stunts to temporarily revive their sagging careers!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR blond-haired, blue-eyed athletic guys with really rich parents . . .

. . . geeks like us would get a lot more action!

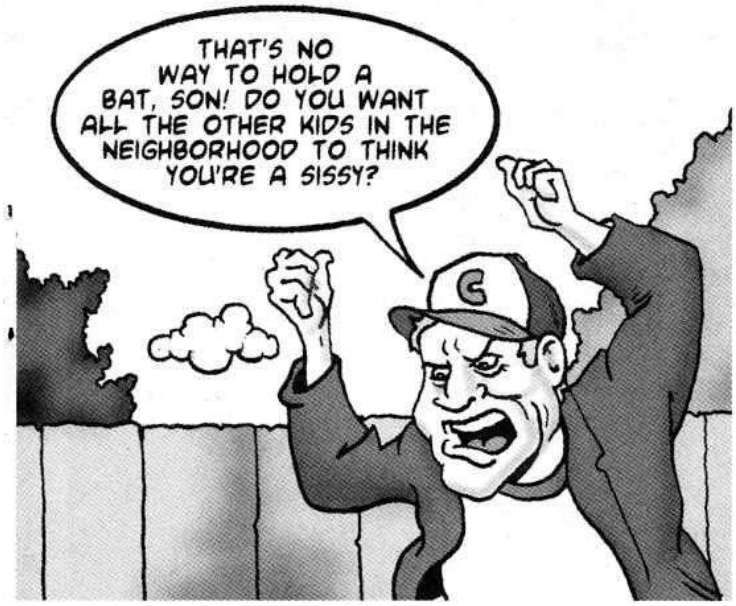
IF IT WEREN'T FOR the spitefulness, apathy and patent insensitivity of "American Idol's" Simon Cowell. . .



. . . William Hung would have been assured his rightful place in The Guinness Book of World Records as "Oldest Virgin Ever, Period!"

SHUT-UPS!

Scott Gosar & Noel Anderson



The Fab Five have done some amazing work with poor slobs who don't know how to take care of themselves. However, maybe things don't always go as planned, as evidenced in these . . .

'QUEER EYE' MAKEOVERS

EPISODE: 'HAIRY & 'HAIRIER"

SUBJECT: "Bud"

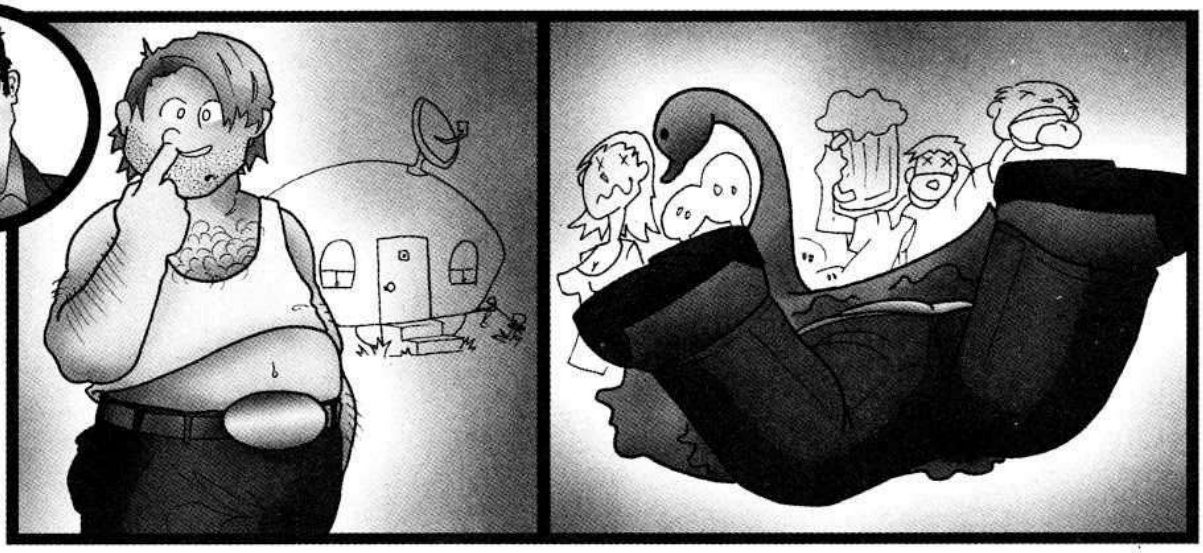
After 23 years, Bud decided to finally trim his massive "Disco Afro." However, a rabid wolverine was nested in his hair and attacked Kyan when he attempted to "De-Fro"him!

Written by: Steve Strangio Drawn by: Tim Toolen

EPISODE: 'WHITE TRASHED'

SUBJECT: "Waldo"

Ted attempted to create a culinary masterpiece that mingled visual arts and tantalizing taste buds by building a "Pateí Swan." However, Waldo's family drank all of the wine, picked up Waldo, and shoved him up the swan's butt.



EPISODE: 'FANBOY GO BOOM'

SUBJECT: "Bingo"

Jai decided this comic book fanboy needed a night out on the town with a real woman, as opposed to a rubber blow up doll dressed like Wonder Woman. Unfortunately, Bingo's head exploded when his date brushed her little pinky against his arm.

GONE HORRIBLY WRONG!

EPISODE: 'DOWN BELOW!'

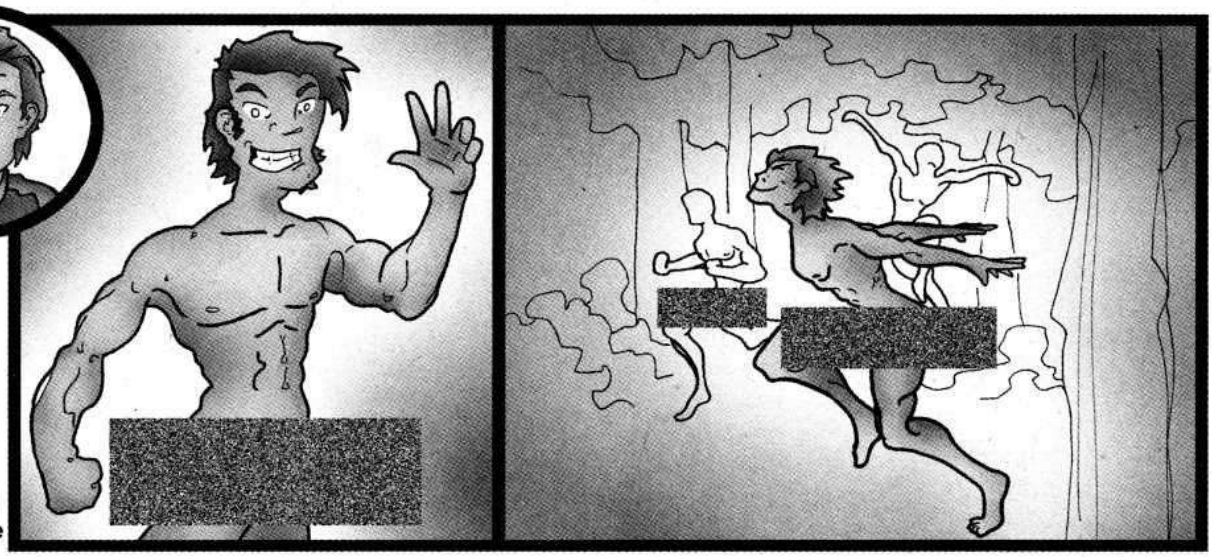
SUBJECT: "Buffalo Bill"

Once Thom relocated all of the musky furniture and creepy cobwebs, he uncovered some nice fixtures and a collection of petrified butterflies. Regrettably, he also uncovered 23 body parts, 32 severed noses, 2 left pinkies, and Evander Holyfield's missing ear.

EPISODE: 'NO NUDES IS GOOD NUDES'

SUBJECT: "Bobby"

Carson introduces "Bobby the Practicing Nudist" to the world of high fashion. But then Bobby introduces Carson to the world of buff young stallions with rock hard abs and naked booties. Carson has been missing since this episode and the search is ongoing.



WHY ROT AWAY AS A COMPUTER NERD WHEN THERE'S *LOTS MORE ACTION* AT THE NEWSSTAND?

CENSORED

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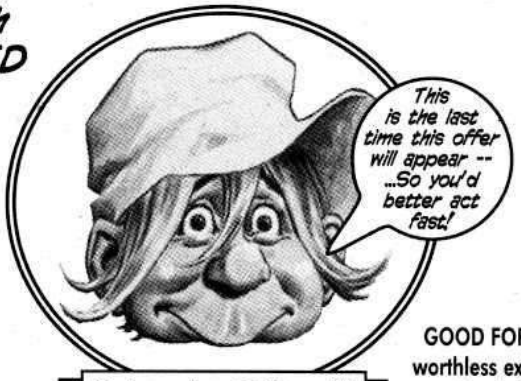

Sylvester P. Smythe

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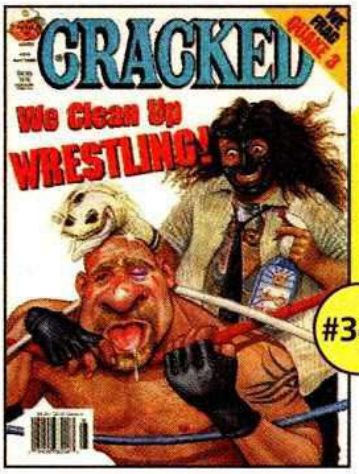
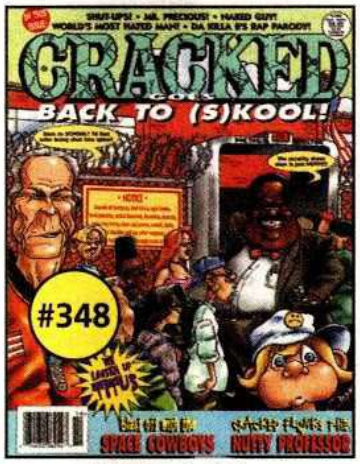


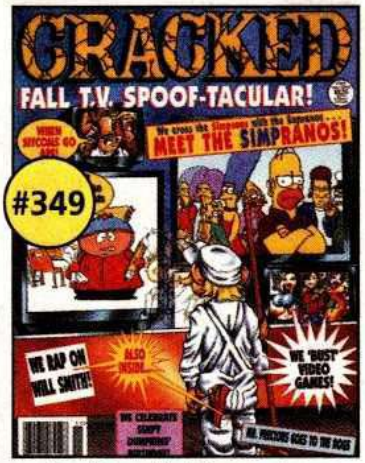
Last New York Edition

Rock Music Issue!

Featuring Tom Richmond

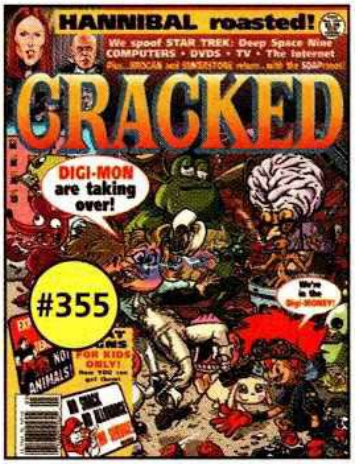


John Severin Satire



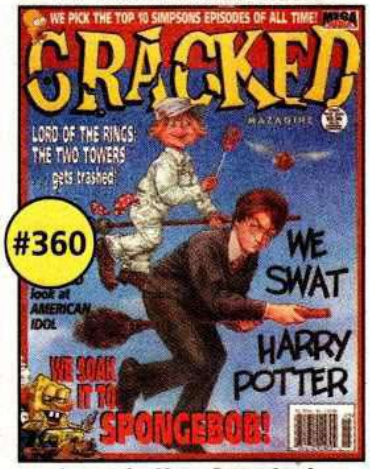
Our Hottest back issue to date

Autographed by Dick Kulpa

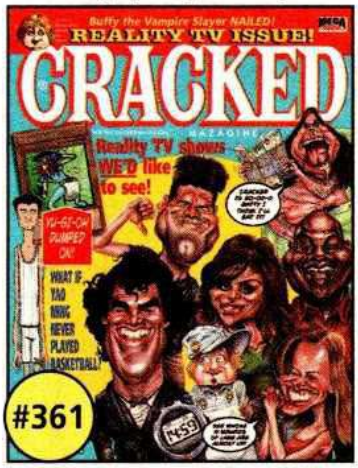


See Godzilla's atomic phart!

American toons take on Japan toons!



A must for Harry Potter fans!



Introducing super artist Jason Seiler

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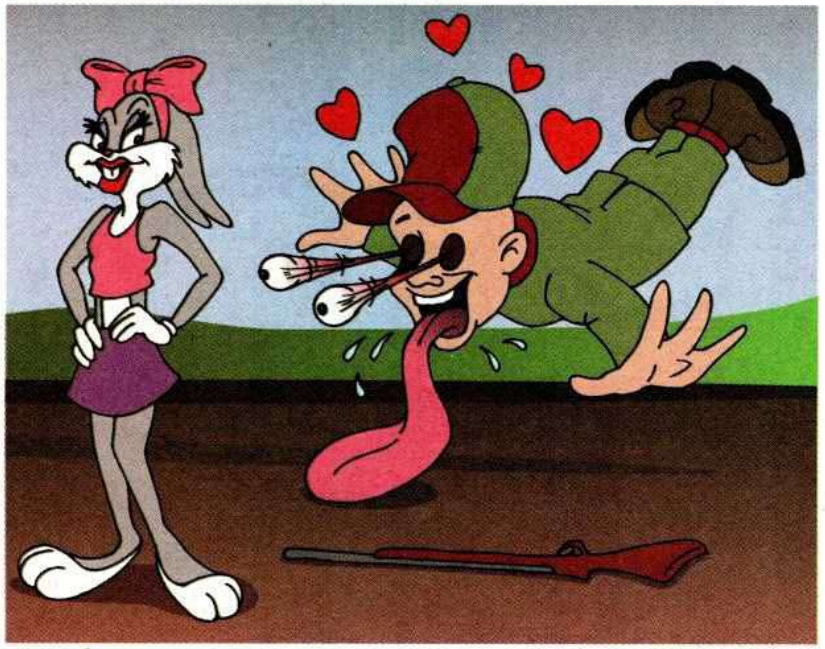
Great collectable issue!

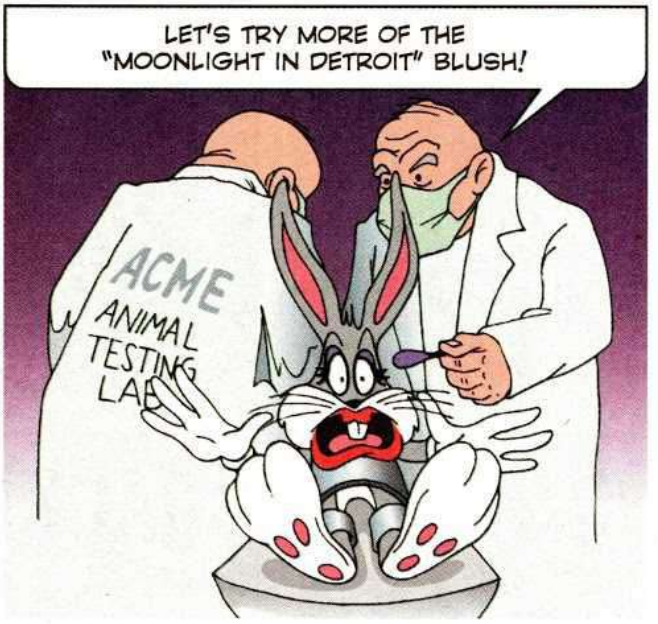
IN CARTOONS NO ONE IS EVER KILLED, THE LAWS OF PHYSICS ARE THROWN OUT THE WINDOW, AND ANIMALS TALK AND ACT JUST LIKE PEOPLE! BUT CRACKED WONDERS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN . . .

IF CARTOON CHARACTERS EXISTED IN THE REAL WORLD

1. IN CARTOONS, BUGS BUNNY USES MAKE-UP TO DISGUISE HIMSELF AND TRICK HIS ENEMIES!

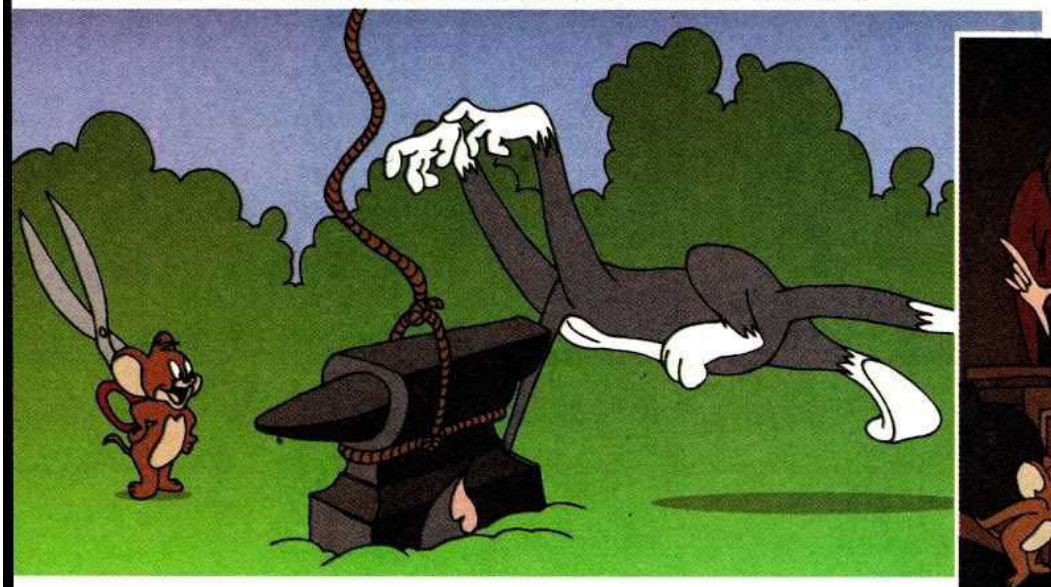


. . . IN THE REAL WORLD, BUGS WOULD WEAR MAKE-UP FOR AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT REASON!



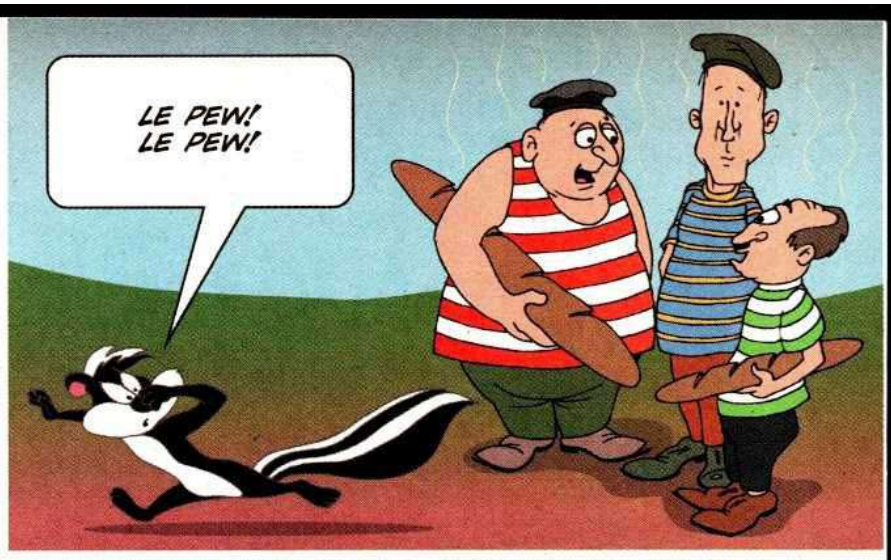
Writer: WIL RADCLIFFE
Artist: MICAH HARMON

2. IN CARTOONS, TOM AND JERRY ATTEMPT TO DESTROY ONE ANOTHER WITH HYPER-VIOLENT MEANS!



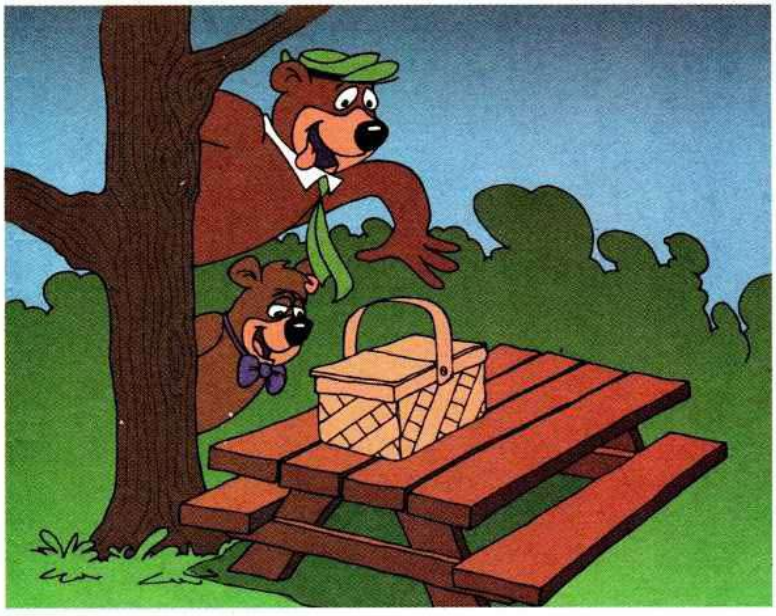
. . . IN THE REAL WORLD, THEY'D HASH IT OUT ON "JUDGE JUDY!"

3. IN CARTOONS, PEPE LE PEW IS A SUAVE FRENCH LOVER!



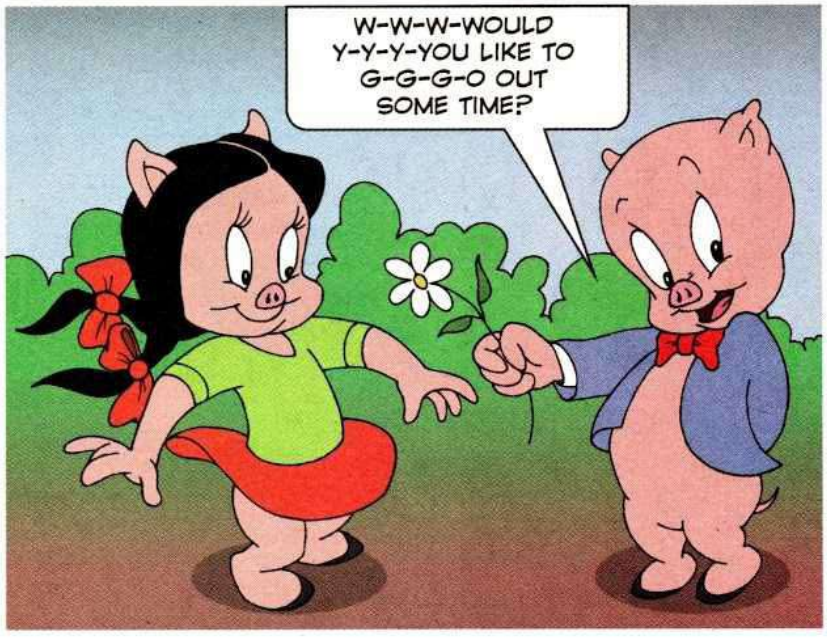
. . . IN THE REAL WORLD, PEPE WOULD SMELL TOO GOOD TO BE FRENCH!

4. IN CARTOONS, YOGI BEAR IS ALWAYS RAIDING PICNIC BASKETS!



. . . IN THE REAL WORLD, ALL THAT JUNK FOOD WOULD FINALLY TAKE ITS TOLL ON POOR YOGI'S HEALTH!

5. IN CARTOONS, PORKY PIG WAS A KIND-HEARTED, LOVABLE BUFFOON.



. . . IN THE REAL WORLD, PORKY WOULD BE A FOUL-MOUTHED, UNIVERSALLY HATED BUFFOON FOR "THE HOWARD STERN SHOW"!

THE END

WHY IT SUX TO BE DONALD TRUMP

By MIKE MORSE

Butt cheeks perpetually chapped from all the butt-kissing by those weasely "Apprentice" contestants.

A large portion of his income probably goes to renting a warehouse big enough to house his enormous ego.

Hairstyle requires monthly rabies shots.

Daily dizzy spells resulting from inhaling some of the gallons of hairspray applied to hair each morning.

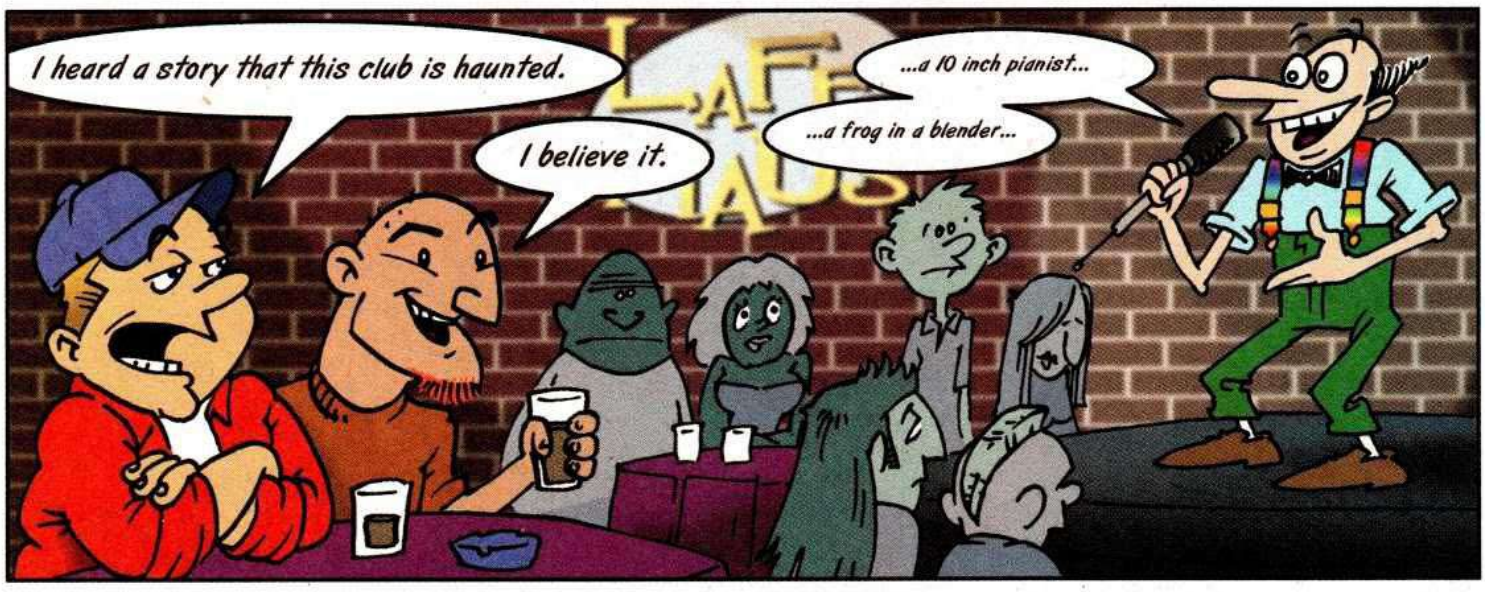
If asked to wait more than three minutes for a table at a busy restaurant, dinner companions expect him to buy the place and eject current patrons.

Due to the popularity of The Apprentice, he'll be hearing morons shouting "You're fired" at him 300 times a day for the next 20 years.

Having a name that rhymes with "rump", "dump", and "hump" undoubtedly made elementary school a living hell.

FRIGHT NIGHT AT THE LAFF HAUS

Written by STEVE HEROLD Art by BEN BOLING



Everyone has at least one idiosyncrasy that they would find hard to justify to others: some people enjoy watching golf, some believe O.J. is innocent and a few claim to be able to listen to Celine Dion without becoming violently ill! There are even some things about the entire human race that may seem normal to us, since we're so used to them, but the space cadets at CRACKED wondered, if we ever make contact with a lifeform from another planet ...

HOW WOULD WE EXPLAIN EARTH TO AN ALIEN?!?

WRITTEN & DRAWN by HUW EVANS © 2004

OXYGEN CHAMBER WARRANTY
ELEPHANT MAN
For advice on fitness, marriage, child rearing, and mental health, our females turn to a fat, unmarried, childless woman who is so insecure that she feels the need to put her own picture on the cover of her magazine EVERY SINGLE MONTH!
YOU MUST ALL THINK FOR YOURSELVES!
WE MUST ALL THINK FOR OURSELVES!
CREAK!
How would we EVER explain Michael Jackson to them? Er, wait . . . come to think of it, maybe the aliens are the only ones that WOULD understand him!
THIS MODEL EVEN DRILLS FOR ITS OWN FUEL . . . AS LONG AS YOU STAY IN TEXAS!
Our planet's "War on Drugs" doesn't seem to include tobacco or alcohol, although they kill many, many times the amount of people that all illegal drugs COMBINED do!
SHUMBUDDY OUGHTTA TELL THOSHE CRAZY HIPPIES THAT MAREEWANNA AIN'T GOOD FER YOUR HEALTH . . . HIC!
ROT GUT
What would aliens say when we told them that the more expensive gas gets and the more worried we become about our planet's environment, the more popular fuel-guzzling SUVs are?
THE END

backwash

MEET FUNNYMAN HUW EVANS

Writer-cartoonist Huw Evans has been Cracking up CRACKED fans around the world with his stylized cartoons and sharpened wit for over a year, so we decided it was HIS turn to come clean as to who, what, when where and why he is what he is.

Humble Huw Evans in a very scary self-portrait.

Q: Where were you born?
A: Indian Head, Saskatchewan (seriously). I don't remember much about it but I know my Mom was nearby.

Q: Who are your favorite artists?
A: For comic artists, I would list the usual pantheon of legends: Wood, Eisner, Fine, Elder, Davis, Cole, Crandall, Frazetta, Wolverton, etc. To name some more current artists; I especially like Hilary Barta, Roger Langridge, Rick Altergott, and Dave Newton right here at CRACKED! Also, let's not forget the underground geniuses like Robert Williams, Roger Brand, and Canada's own (the late) Rand Holmes .

Q: What are your favorite comics?
A: Well, CRACKED and Mad, of course (can I mention the "M" word?), although I guess they aren't technically "comics". As a kid, I was very taken with the whole Marvel "superheroes with problems" concept and later graduated to the undergrounds like "ZAP". I've always loved the comics of the 1940s and 1950s and I have managed to collect nearly all of the E.C.s in reprint form.

Q: Favorite TV shows?
A: Anything without Oprah in it — but seriously, about all I watch now is "Jeopardy," because it's on while I exercise (I'm trying to get down to a svelte 230 pounds) My all-time favourite would have to be "Fawlty Towers".

Q: Movies?
A: I watch LOTS of movies. Favourites would include: "White of the Eye", "Near Dark", "Sunset Boulevard", "The Maltese Falcon", "Psycho", "Night of the Living Dead"(NOT the remake), "The Brain that Wouldn't Die", most movies by Ed Wood, "Night of the Hunter" and "The Rocky Horror Picture Show".

Q: Odd jobs you've had?
A: I've pumped gas, worked at a brewery, done construction, etc. I had a brief, unsuccessful stint as a gigolo in the '80s but I found that combing ditches for beer bottles was more lucrative. In hindsight, maybe the Mohawk didn't help.

Q: Favorite Beatle or Monkee?
A: Yoko.

Q: Favorite junk food?
A: Probably pork rinds (or "pork puffs"): they're just lard, pig skin and salt; all natural, no artificial colours, no msg, no carbohydrates .

Q: Favorite comedian?
A: Some guys, like Rodney Dangerfield or Bill Murray make me laugh just looking at them. Plus, Groucho Marx, Charlie Chaplin, Steven Wright, and, of course, the whole Monty Python crew..

Q: First pro job?
A: I illustrated a children's book when I was 17. A that time there was no actual currency in Canada so I received remuneration in pelts and dried meat.

Q: Dream job?
A: Whisky tester and/or Kim Basinger's personal masseur maybe? (Luckily my wife doesn't read CRACKED!

Q: If they made a movie about you, who would play you?
A: If only Rondo Hatton were still with us. (Anyone who gets this joke is watching way too many obscure old horror movies!)

Q: Which reality TV show does your life most resemble?
A: With a blonde wig, and a complete body waxing, I'm virtually indistinguishable from Anna Nicole Smith.

Q: If I weren't working for CRACKED, I'd most likely be . . .
A: A danger to myself and others.

BLUE OYSTER CULT is hotter than ever — AND they've just "cracked" the CRACKED lens barrier! Cracked's everready editor Scott Gosar is surrounded by the master musicians in this backstage photo JUST TAKEN at a BOC concert in Nevada.

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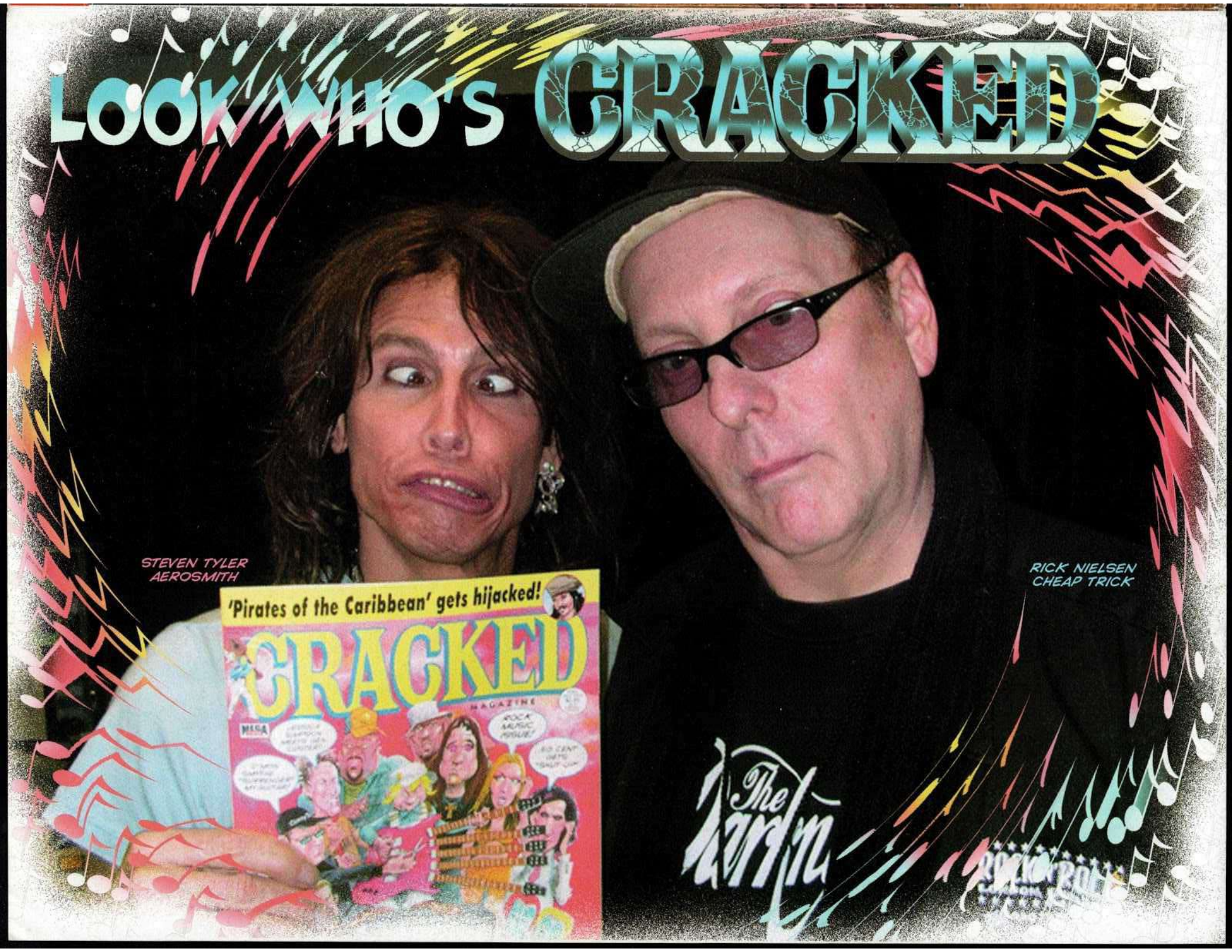
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